

not for sale to children

Issue 3:
\$2.95

only
95p
well cheap!



A LOT FUNNIER THAN HALF THE CRAP ON THIS SHELF, PROBABLY.

FREE INSIDE
A TWATTY
HAIRCUT LIKE
GEORGE MICHAEL'S



monthly

**EASTER
BUMPER
ISSUE**

Religion and
Creme eggs
a plenty!



**VANILLA ICE
IN
TRAINSPOTTING
SHAME**

We lift the lid
off the loco louts



It's fabulous,
It's free!

Your very own coma
card to cut out and
keep



CELEBRITY CHAIRS!

You'll crap yourself
when you see who's
in the hot seat.



**PLUS MORE LAUGHS THAN A
BUCKETFUL OF I DON'T KNOW WHAT**

**WITH: GAVIN ST JAMES,
BILLY SULPHATE, MADASS HUSSEIN,
POPARSE, ANGUS, PSYCHO DEREK,
JULIE'S BOLLOCKS etc. etc.**

ISSN 0961-3439



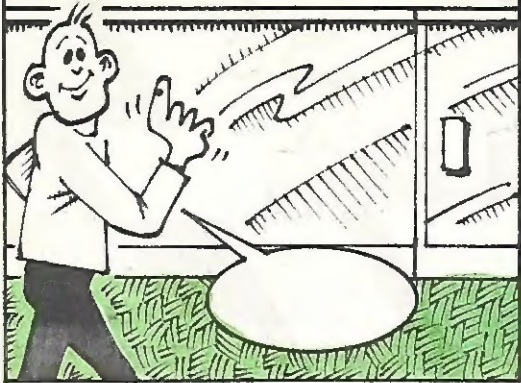
SPEECHLESS SAM

HE'S ALWAYS LOST FOR WORDS



SOUNDTRACK = PIXIES, DOOLITTLE.

MIDWEST BANK.
THE BANK THAT LISTENS.



LANGSTON - 10.90 - ZITREMIX - 1.91

INSIDE...

CAN I HELP YOU SIR?



SEVERAL MINS. LATER...



INEVITABLY...



LATER...



HMM - THE PATIENT HAS A PAINFUL TOOTH - BUT WHICH ONE?

OH WELL - I'M SURE TO FIND IT SOONER OR LATER -

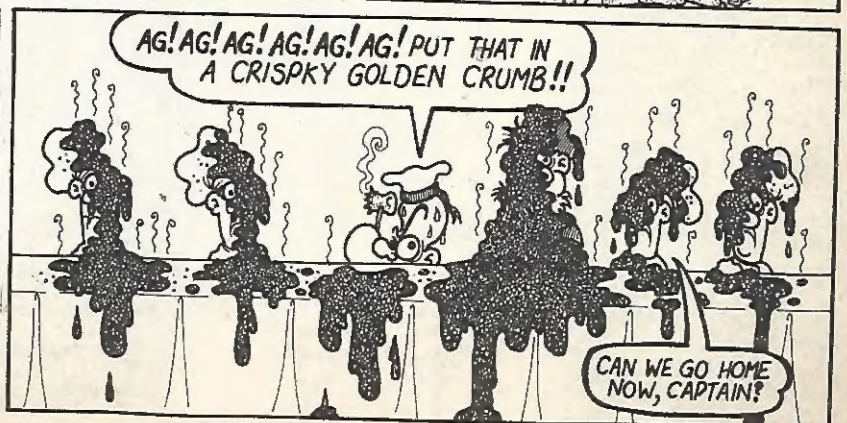
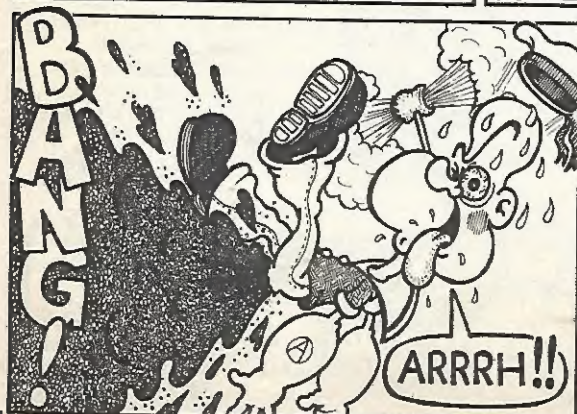
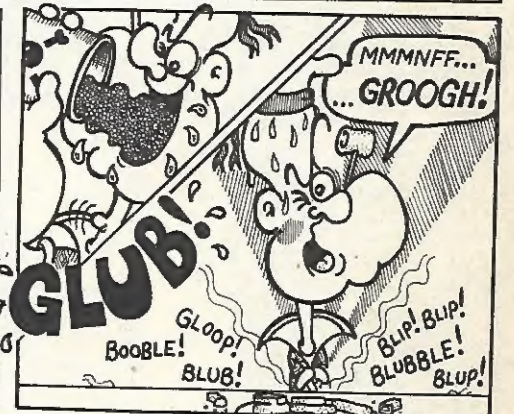


SAM SAYS: IT'S NOT BIG OR CLEVER TO SWEAR AT THE POLICE. THEY DO A DIFFICULT JOB!

POPARSE



The Sailor Man



MOUTHING OFF

0898 224 574

cream in my mouth
0898 224 563
i'll gobble you off
0898 224 571

SUCKING SUZIE

0898
224 564

OPENING MY LIPS

0898 224 567

HOT LICKER

0898 224 565

GETTING YOU OFF

0898 224 566

BIG PURPLE HEAD

0898 224 568

SUCKED DRY

0898 224 569

LIP LINE LUST

0898 224 570

I'M DOING IT ON

0898 224 572

DEEP THROAT

0898 224 573

DIAL-A-W**K!

0898 884 635

I'LL STRIP

FOR YOU! 0898 884 738



HOT SEX TALK!

0898 884 643

BIG BOOBS, TIGHT BOTTOM

0898 884 275

LET ME SUCK IT!
0898 884 637



HARDCORE

XXX LINE

0898 884 634



*HAND RELIEF

0898 884 279

*RUBBER ORGY

0898 884 284

*KNICKER FLASHER

0898 884 630

*SEX THERAPIST

0898 884 633

*CONVENT VIRGIN

0898 884 641

*TOPLESS TARTS

0898 884 733

*VIBRATOR LUST

0898 884 735

*TORN, WET

PANTIES

0898 884 741

*CUFFED &

HELPLESS

0898 884 740

*69 SPECIAL

DESIRES

0898 884 737

*POUTING, WET

PUSSY

0898 884 736

*OPEN AND

WAITING

0898 884 731

*BOYS IN

STOCKINGS

0898 884 644

unfaithful
wives tales

0898 884 277

DAMP KNICKERS

HOT LIPS!

0898 884 730

rub my smooth

bottom

0898 884 639

"let me make

it grow!"

0898 884 278

SQUIRMING ON

HER FINGERS

0898 884 732

"my favourite

sex toy!"

0898 884 280

bare bottom

waiting

0898 884 288

PAT MY BOTTOM

PLEASE!

0898 884 739

pussys play

together!

0898 884 281

caught with

them down!

0898 884 285

SECRET

PERVERSIONS

0898 884 734

service from

my lips!

0898 884 286

GET READY FOR

ME, THEN DIAL

0898 884 743

lick 8

sting

ER'S

bin

g

il

KE

my

MUTUAL

masturbation

0898 884

276

I CAN

swallow

lots! 0898

884 282

I'LL

TEACH you

how to

behave 0898

884 283

MY HOT

wet tongue

will excite!

0898 884

287

SHOOT all

over me!

0898 884

289

DIRTY girl

provides

special

service 0898

884 631

GIRLS lick

girls 0898

884 632

42D BRA~

busting

stripper!

0898 884

638

SPANKER'S

party! (Join

us!) 0898

884 640

TRY

something

different!

0898 884

642

THEN I'll

lick my

fingers!

0898 884

742

I'LL MAKE

you wear my

knickers!

0898 884

744

ULTIMATE STICKY

CLIMAX 0898 884 636

HOT KNICKERS

0898 224 550

UNDIES EROTICA

0898 224 558

GUSSET GROANS

0898 224 562

PULLED TO ONE SIDE

0898 224 559

JODPHUR JILLY

RIDES AGAIN...

0898 224 560

WEAR MY KNICKERS

0898 224 551

KNICKER XXX LINE

0898 224 552

REMOVE MY PANTIES

0898 224 553

IN AUNTIES DRAWERS

0898 224 554

WASH MY KNICKERS

0898 224 555

SANDY'S STOCKINGS

0898 224 556

LET ME PULL THEM

DOWN

0898 224 561

SAM'S GOT

STICKY

KNICKERS

0898 224 557

VANILLA ICE WAS A TRAINSPOTTER!

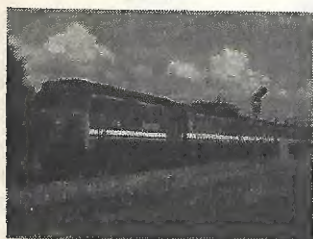
Hip-Hop king and self confessed street fighter Vanilla Ice has found himself at the centre of a new storm. Childhood friends claim that the 'Ice Cool Kid' was, and still is, a trainspotting fanatic.

Vanilla's teenage friends also refute his claims that he grew up on the streets of New York. Childhood friend Kevin Wankshaft explains, "The nearest Vanilla ever got to New York was the afternoon we went to York depot. Of course when we knew him he was just plain old Clive Haddock - and I can tell you, there wasn't much the boy didn't know about Diesel Multiple Units!"



A Brush Type 4 similar to one spotted by Vanilla Ice

Kevin also revealed how 'Vanilla' earned his nickname, "When Clive used to trainspot he was always scoffing ice creams, I expect that's how he arrived at the name Vanilla Ice. Mind you, we used to have a different nickname for him - but I don't suppose being known as 'Mr Whippy' would have done a lot for his image."



Another train that could well have been spotted by Vanilla - though this is the 10.20 from Stevenage, so it's probably unlikely.

Our reporter was also told how Vanilla came to get that famous scar on his buttock. Ice has claimed he received it when he was stabbed in a street brawl. However, the truth is even more astonishing. "We were enjoying a particularly hectic day of trainspotting at Bristol Temple Meads", recalls Wankshaft, "an English Electric Type 1 arrived hauling a mixed freight of sand and ballast from Swindon. Understandably, Vanilla was so excited that he leapt from the

platform seat, slipped and fell on the biro that was in his trouser pocket. It gave him quite a nasty nip I can tell you".

The revelations could completely shatter Vanilla's carefully manufactured image. Although trainspotting amongst Hip-Hop bands is not entirely unheard of. Only last year, cult American rappers Run DMC were caught loitering on Birmingham New Street Station. When challenged, their flimsy excuse was that they were waiting to board a train. And 6 months ago rap chartoppers De La Soul were positively identified travelling in a taxi near London's mainline station, Kings Cross.

However, a close aide of 'Vanilla Ice' confirmed the trainspotting allegations, "It's true, Vanilla is more at home in a loco shed than a recording studio. Even today, he still takes



Vanilla Ice - the acceptable face of trainspotting

time off from his hectic recording studio, dons an old anorack, picks up his 'Motive Power Pocketbook' and joins all the other sad lonely fuckers on the end of the platform".

We tracked down Vanilla Ice at a shunting yard in Stockton. When confronted by the allegations, he would only say, "Yo! Respect! You gotta understand that Multiple Working between diesel locomotives is usually provided by means of an electro-pneumatic system with special jumper cables connecting the loco's. Nowadays it's all digital man, anyway Peace, I'm outta here!"

CHALLENGE ANNEKA



THE EVIL THAT THEY SPREAD

It's not just Popstars who are lured into the seedy world of Trainspotting. Middle aged men can often be seen at regular haunts such as London's Kings Cross Station, busily recruiting innocent youngsters into their young and depraved world.

A familiar ploy is to offer the lonely youngsters inducements to join their mysterious sect. Cheap anoracks and hush puppies or free tupperware lunchboxes are all familiar bait. It's a tempting offer that innocent teenagers often find difficult to turn down. Within a matter of minutes the kids are hooked.

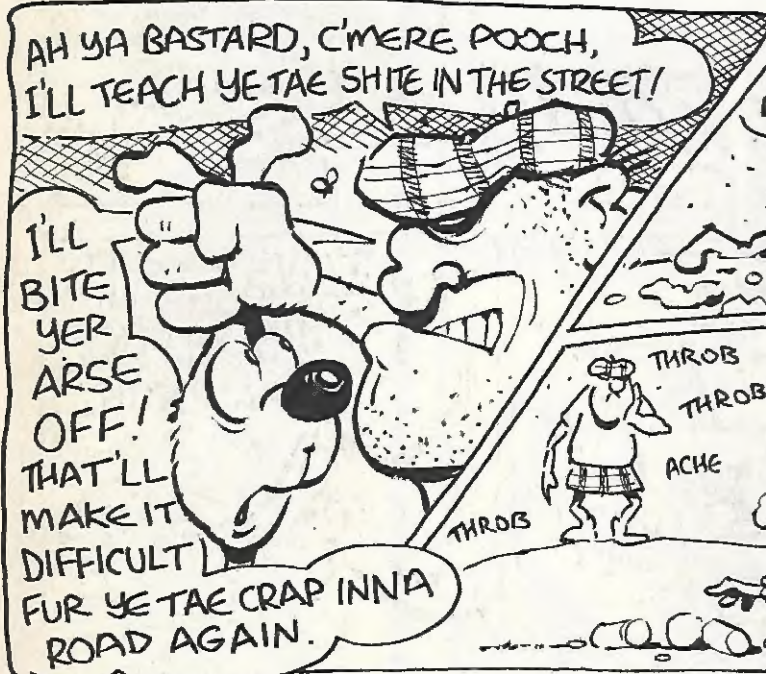
Some members of this sick sect even tape the noise of locomotives. Others may interfere with them, often removing nameplates or taking obscenely graphic photographs. Some victims have been duped into appearing in sick videos. We received a graphic and harrowing tape, sordidly entitled "The Great Age of Steam". The tape has been passed on to the Pornographic department of British Rail.

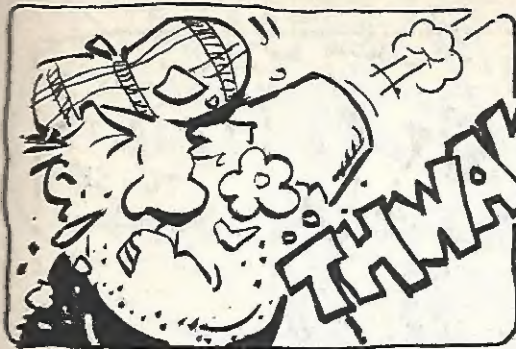
A team of Zit investigators attended an Open Day at Didcot Shunting Yard, where members of the cult (including Ian Anderson) were openly peddling their filth, swapping literature, photo's and even exchanging Classification and Numbering Guides.

However, the biggest cause for concern is that Pop stars, the very people who teenagers look up to and seek to emulate, are now becoming increasingly involved in the trainspotting scene. Often they use their status to recruit new members. For instance, Vanilla Ice's records contain dangerously subliminal messages. We played his biggest hit, 'Ice Ice Baby' at 33.3 rpm. At that speed, it not only sounded better but you could quite clearly hear the lyrics; "Ice ice baby, ice ice baby, trainspotting is good, trainspotting is right, cab a Shunter today."

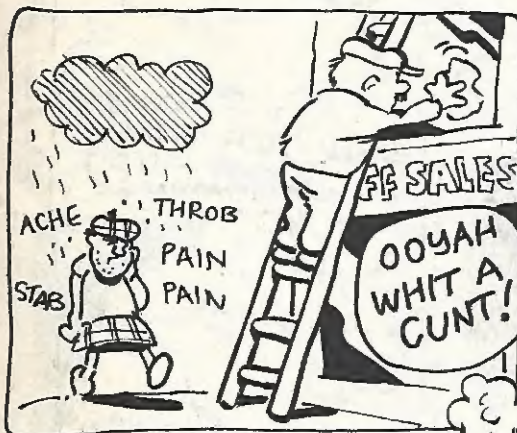
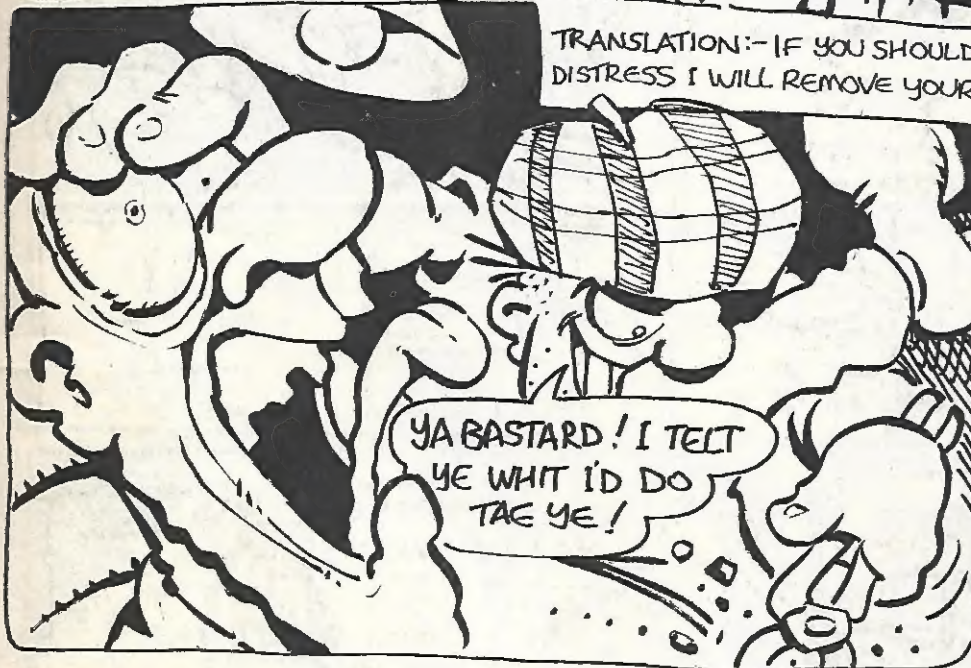
ANGUS McBASTARD

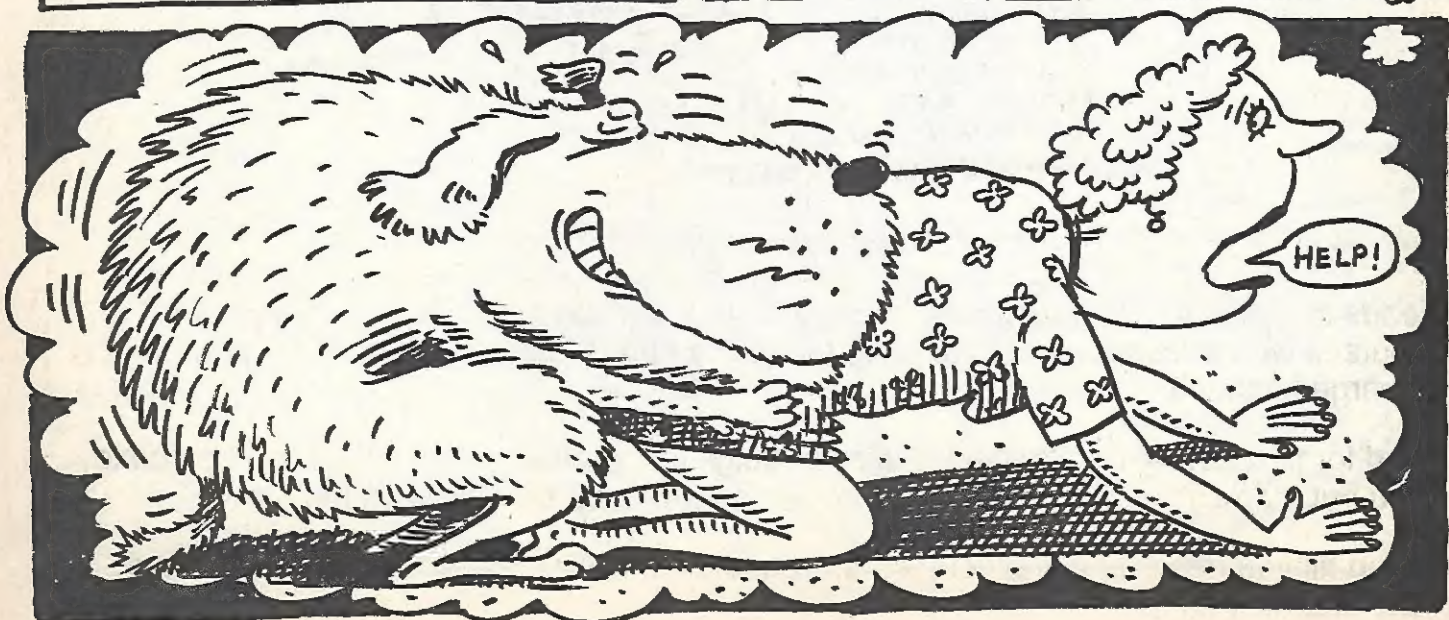
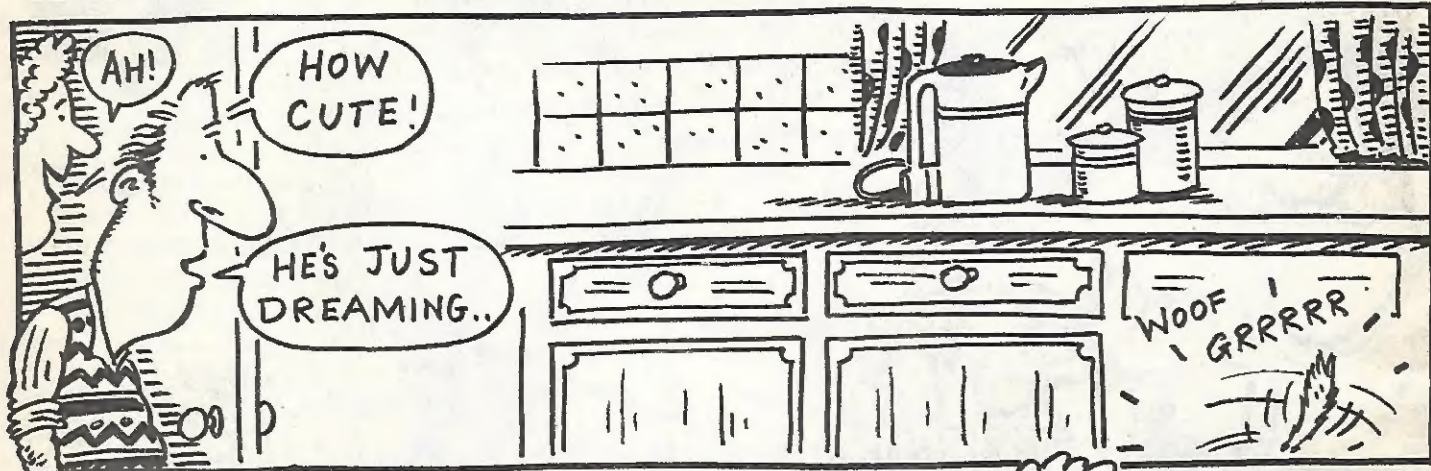
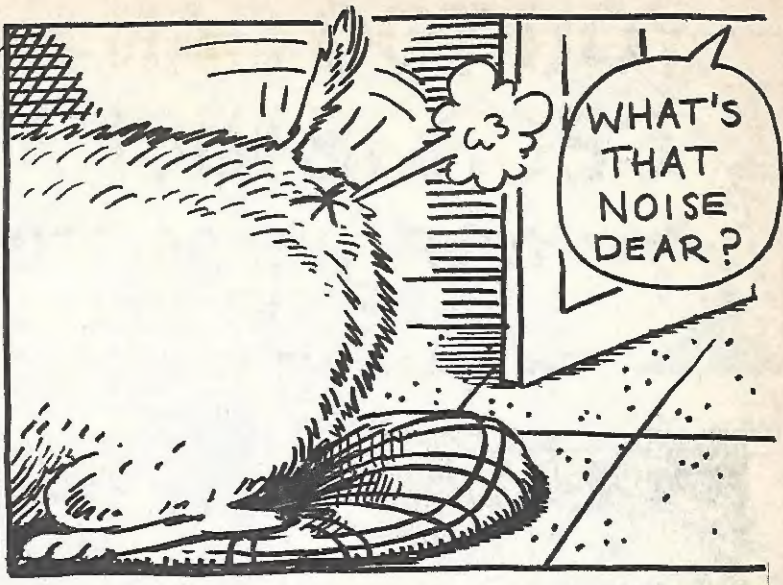
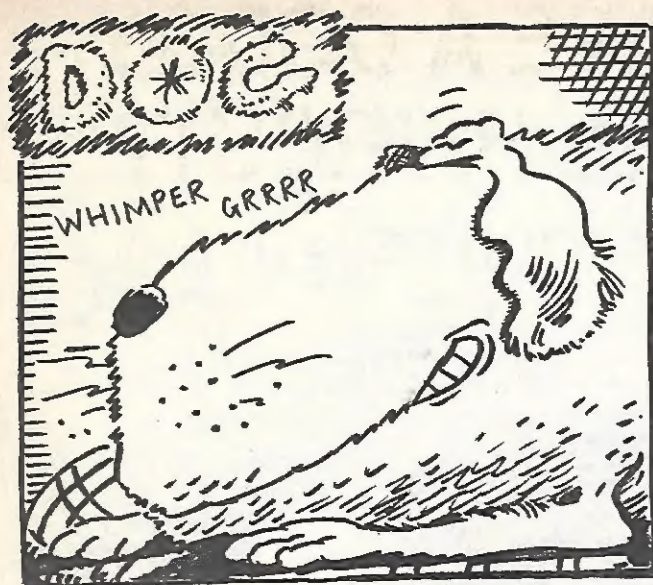
HE'S AFF HIS HEID





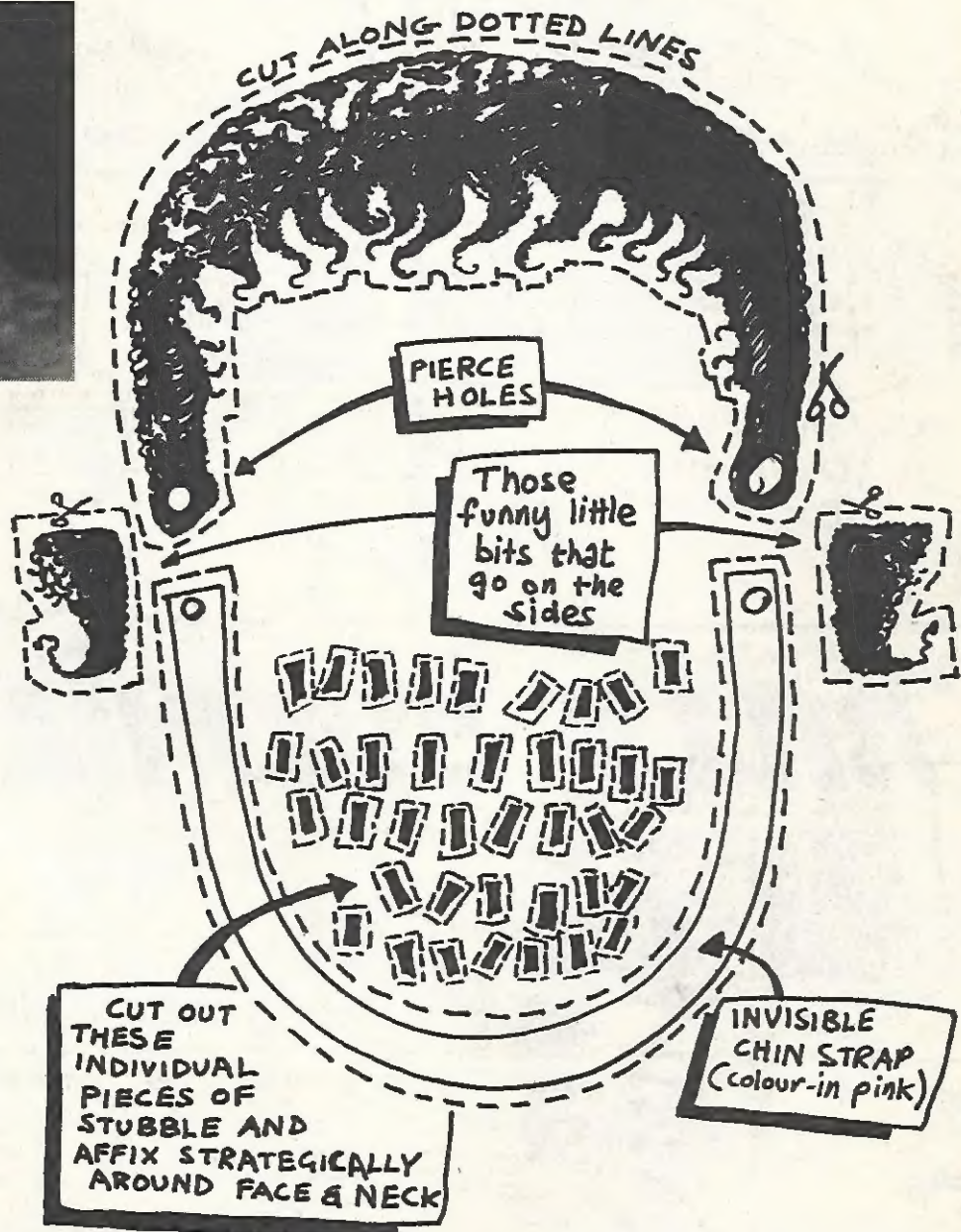
TRANSLATION:- IF YOU SHOULD PERCHANCE LEAVE ME IN SOME DISTRESS I WILL REMOVE YOUR TESTICLES WITH THOSE PLIERS.





YOU TOO CAN HAVE A DODGY GEORGE MICHAEL HAIRCUT!

FOX YOUR FRIENDS! STUN YOUR RELATIVES!
YOUR MUM'LL GO MAD
YOU MIGHT EVEN GET A GIRLFRIEND



We all know George Michael is a handsome pop star. Although now he's had his hair cut he does look a bit of a raving tosspot. Mind you, that hasn't stopped him getting loads of shags in. So here's your chance to grab a piece of the action. Simply arm yourself with scissors and some glue, follow the above instructions and hey presto – it's George Michael!

And for that authentic 'Careless Whisper' bulge in the pants, why not roll up this comic and put it down your trousers (for extra sex appeal try putting it down the front).

Then all you need do is find yourself a thick talentless friend who likes getting pissed and crashing cars.



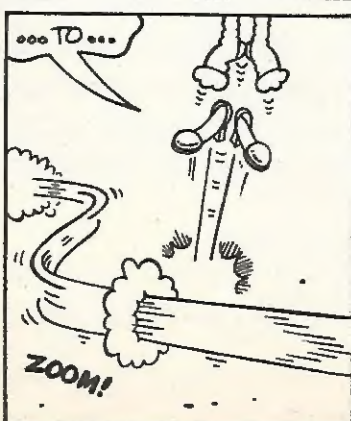
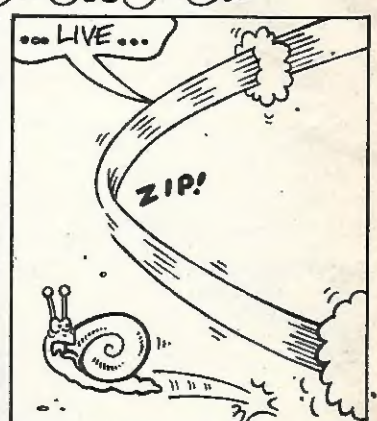
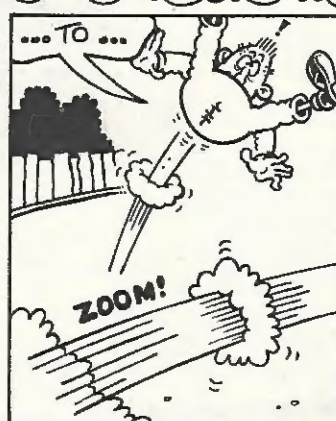
THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

CONTROVERSY CORNER with Sinead OConner



RADIO 1's
GARY DAVIS
IS NOT ONLY
DEVILISHLY
HANDSOME
BUT ALSO HAS
A TERRIFIC
PERSONALITY
AND A WRY
SENSE OF HUMOR

BILLY SULPHATE



GAVIN ST. JAMES

THE DOCKLANDS DON JUAN

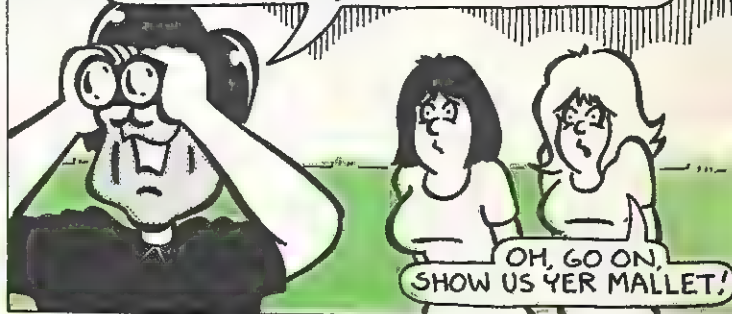
HI, STYLE JUNKIES!...YOUR NUMERO UNO HOMBRE IS MIXING WITH THE ROYALS AND RICH TODAY! NOTHING LIKE A SPOT OF POLO FOR PROWLING FOR PIMMS, PEARLS AN' PUSSY!



OH-HUH...ZAP THE SALE PROFITS INTO THE CAYMANS... THE EXCHANGE CAN GIVE IT A MASSAGE... CIOU.... DAMN! ANOTHER LAMBORGHINI!



HOPPIT, YOU TROLLOPS!...I'M HUNTIN' QUALITY QUIM TODAY...TWO CHUKKAS GONE ALREADY, AND STILL NO LUCK!

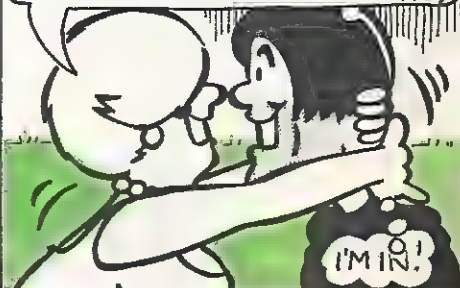


WHAT A STERLING EXPOSURE! THE MARKET IS DEFINITELY UP...AND SO IS GAVIN'S FULLY PRIMED PUSSY PRODDER!

(HI, GODDESS HMMM... YOU LOOK FAMILIAR! FANCY BEING FAMILIAR WITH YOURS TRULY?.. HOW ABOUT A TURN ON THE TURF?



I'M DIANA... RIDE ME LONG AN' HARD YOU YUMMY HUNK!... ONE'S HUBBY HASN'T SERVICED ONE FOR ABSOLUTLY YONKS!



EASY MEAT! THE OL' GAVIN CHARM NEVER FAILS!



IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, DI!...BRACE YOURSELF FOR A RIGHT ROYAL ROGERING!

LET'S BONK IN THE BARN, OK, YAH?



HANG ON TO YOUR PEARLS, TIME FOR SOME SERIOUS BONE-BOUNCIN'!

FASTER..FASTER..OOH..ONE IS COMING!



OH, MY GOD!... ONE'S HUBBY!



DIDN'T HURT!



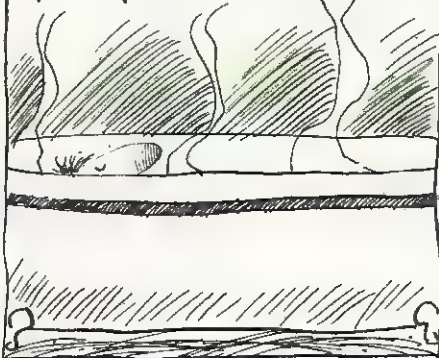
BY THE TABLOIDS

PAN

Hi-Arthur Story here, and today I thought I'd let you in on a journalistic secret: It's not the story that's important, but the way you tell it...



Take for example, the little incident at the Salvation Army's Baths for Gentle Ladies...



WHEN SUDDENLY INTO THE PICTURE COMES...



... AIR HEAD.

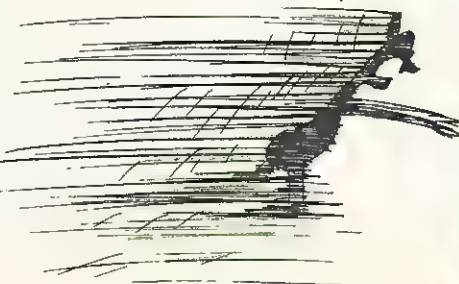
Prepare for a fate worse than death!



* UNLESS READ OUTSIDE BRITAIN



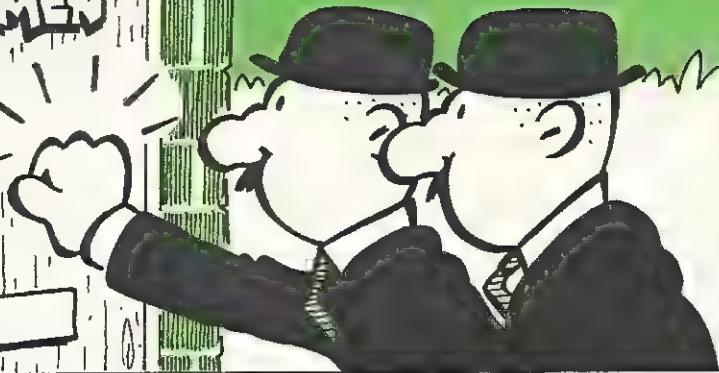
HELP! Let me out!



BILL N' BEN

THOSE POLL TAX MEN

NPK...
NPK!



GOOD MORNING, MADAM, WE'RE HERE TO COLLECT YOUR COMMUNITY CHARGE BILL.



WOT? CO-FUCKIN'-MUNITY FUCKIN' CHARGE! FUCKIN' POLL-FUCKIN'-TAX, YOU MEAN, YOU PAIR OF FUCKIN' THATCHERITE MINNIONS!... I'LL TELL YOU YOU CAN FUCKIN' DO WIN YOUR CO-FUCKIN'-MUNITY FUCKIN' CHARGE.. SHALL I?..

..FER A START IT'S A FUCKIN' INSULT TO THE INTELLIGENCE OF DECENT HONEST HARD-WORKIN' FOLK LIKE ME 'N' MY OL' MAN.....



WE DON'T INTEND TO WORK OUR FUCKIN' FINGERS TO THE BONE TO LINE THE POCKETS OF THE OVER-FUCKIN'-PRIVELEGED UPPER FUCKIN' CLASSES THAT SHIT IN THE FACES OF DECENT, HONEST WORKIN' CLASS FOLK LIKE ME 'N' MY OL' MAN! IF MAGGIE FUCKIN' THATCHER NEEDS SOME MORE CASH, SHE SHOULD JOIN THE INTER-FUCKIN'-NATIONAL MONETARY FUND AND SWINDLE THE FUCKIN' FROGS AN' LEAVE DECENT, HONEST, WORKIN' FOLK LIKE ME 'N' MY OL' MAN ALONE SO WE CAN TRY AND

SURVIVE IN THIS FASCIST DICTATORSHIP OF DEEP DESPAIR THAT I'M ASHAMED TO BRING MY KIDS UP IN, AN' WOT'S FUCKIN' MORE.....



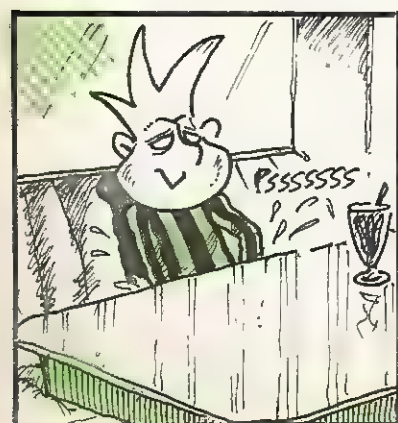
..IF AYATOLLAH-FUCKIN'-MAGGIE WANTS MY DOSH, SHE CAN WHISTLE UP 'ER ARSE TILL KINGDOM-FUCKIN'-COMES! POLL-FUCKIN'-TAX?. I'LL GIVE YOU POLL-FUCKIN'-TAX!. TAKE YOUR FUCKIN' DEMAND, ROLL IT UP, AN' THEN STICK IT UP YER FUCKIN' 'ARRISS!

...NOW...
FUCK OFF!!!



TERRY THE TWAT

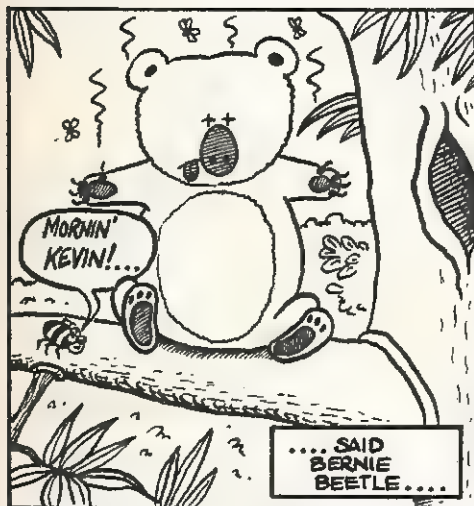
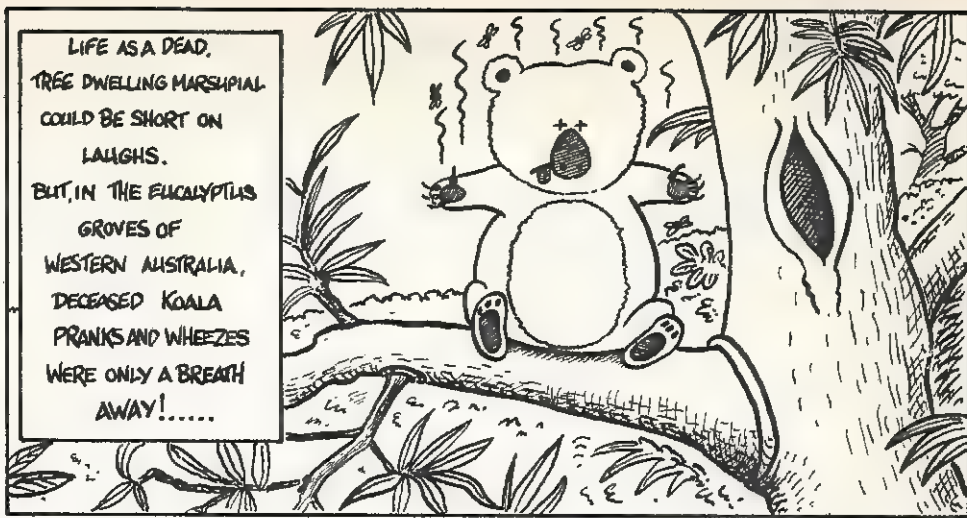
The Naughty little tinker...



© J. M. D. D.

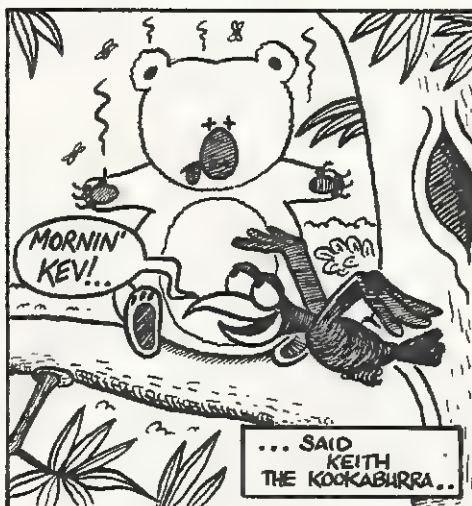
KEVIN THE DEAD KOALA

LIFE AS A DEAD,
TREE DWELLING MARSHMALLOW
COULD BE SHORT ON
LAUGHS.
BUT, IN THE EUCALYPTUS
GROVES OF
WESTERN AUSTRALIA,
DECEASED KOALA
PRANKS AND WHEEZES
WERE ONLY A BREATH
AWAY!.....



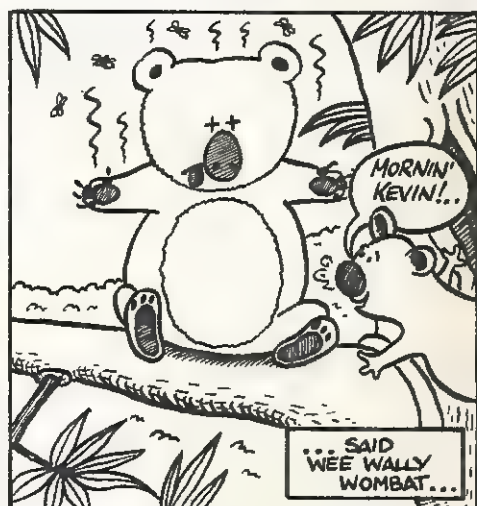
MORNIN'
KEVIN!...

.... SAID
BERNIE
BEETLE....



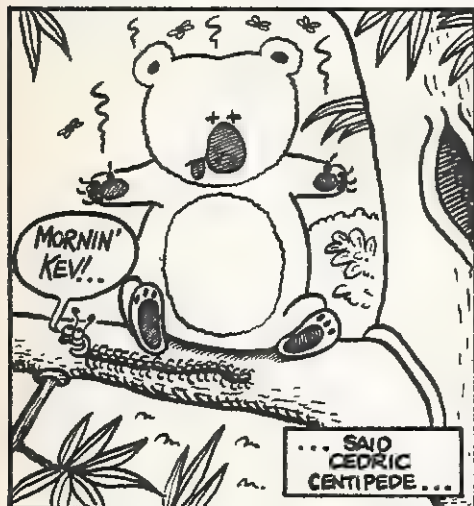
MORNIN'
KEV!...

... SAID
KEITH
THE KOOKABURRA...



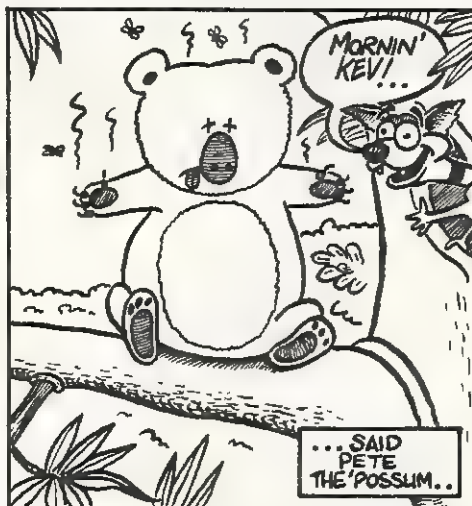
MORNIN'
KEVIN!...

... SAID
WEE WALLY
WOMBAT...



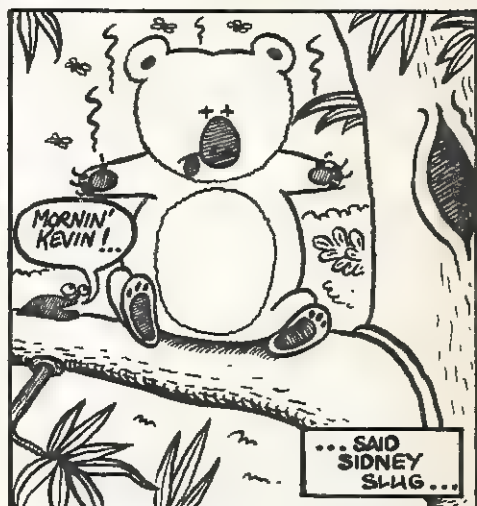
MORNIN'
KEV!...

... SAID
CEDRIC
CENTIPEDE...



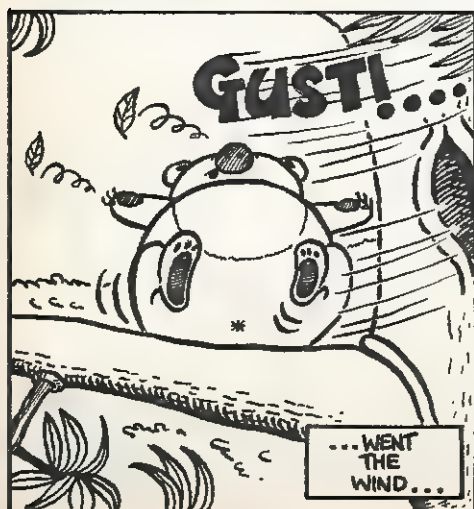
MORNIN'
KEV!...

... SAID
PETE
THE 'POSSUM...



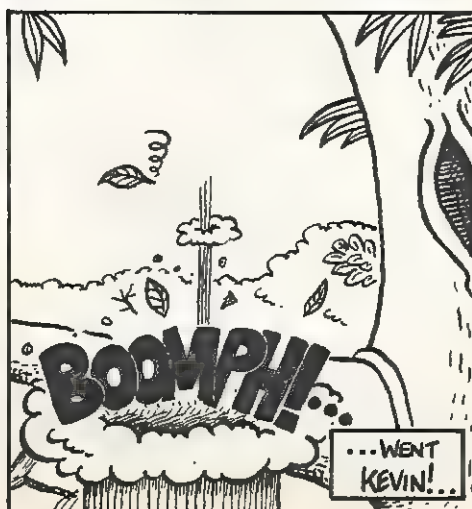
MORNIN'
KEVIN!...

... SAID
SIDNEY
SLUG...



GUST!...

... WENT
THE
WIND...



BOOMPH!

... WENT
KEVIN!...



KEVIN'S DEAD!?

© KEVIN'S



Showbiz round Up

BY GARRY DEAN RONSON JOHNSON

Live reviews of The Farm and David Lee Roth

Video reviews of Michael Jackson and Blondie

Movie News of Jeremy Beadle

Record reviews of Comic Relief The Stonk, Elton John and A HA

Television, reviews of Phil Cool, Brookside and Boys from the Bush

LIVE REVIEW

THE FARM

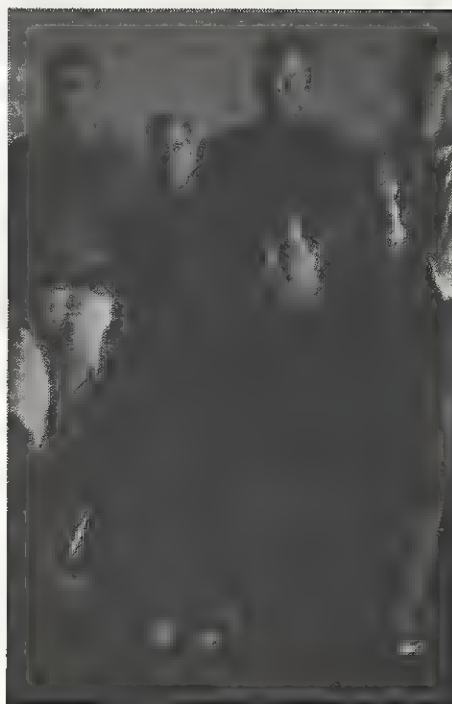
THE STATE CLUB, Liverpool

From the city that gave you the Fab Four, Cilla Black and Ken Dodd, ladies and gentlemen I give you The Farm, the biggest thing to come out of Liverpool since Derek Hatton's ego.

With a down to earth image, no runny haircuts or baggy trousers and a sound that seems to draw on a mixture of Dexy's Midnight Runners, Happy Monday and Madness, the Farm don't easily fit into any pigeon holes. The only label I would pin on them is CUSHTY. At last we have found a pop band with brains.

The Farm are romantic rebels with sus. They don't sing anthems or sloganise but they do have a message worth listening to.

Tonight they played a pure pop set that burned with passion. They are angry young men who know never to let emotion drown out tunes. This band are the real thing, baby and oh how they proved it with a sensational show that spanned the seven years of their career encompassing all their different but



equally vital styles – from Hearts and Minds through Stepping Stone to Groovy Train.

Highlight of the night was their top five hit Altogether Now which sent the crowd crazy and confirmed The Farm have come of age and that singer Pete Hooton is a star – home ground – home win.

VIDEO REVIEW

Mad Michael Jackson was at the centre of a royal row last night over his plans to make a video featuring Princess Diana.

Wacko Jacko, 32, has acquired telly footage of the Princess playing piano during a recent tour of Australia. Now the strange singer wants to superimpose his own image on the film to make it look as if he is playing a duet alongside Diana. Worse still, he plans to screen the final production as a highlight of his Madison Square concert next month.

Officials at Buckingham Palace are furious at what they see as a cheap publicity gimmick, especially as Princess

Diana and Prince Charles have granted Jackson the honour to attend one of his live British shows.

Last night a royal source told ZIT, "We hope Michael Jackson can be persuaded to drop this absurd idea. Americans often make the mistake of treating the royal family as if they were a bunch of showbiz personalities. They are not, they need more dignity. Jackson has got to learn that the Princess of Wales cannot be bracketed in the same category as pop singers".

Oh, I suppose I'll have to admit it. What I've just said is not true but I wanted an excuse to put this dodgy photograph of Michael Jackson in – why the fuck would anybody wear such a ridiculous belt. And it is true Mickey is playing centre half for Arsenal (clock the barnet).

DAVID LEE ROTH

NEC Birmingham

Live? When all the blokes at heavy metal gigs are so scruffy, they make Worzel Gummidge look like Beau Brummel, and so many of the birds so cushty. To be a bloke in a heavy metal band must be closer than 3 steps to heaven, but pity the likes of Joan Jett and the cycle sluts from hell, it can't be much fun for them, can it?

David Lee Roth was fun in a rough and ready, raw and rowdy way. After a dodgy opener, it was up hill all the way at an alarming pace. To say he was loud and hard would be like saying Mike Tyson could fight a bit. If riffs could kill, this guy would be a mass murderer.

Sex god Rother's vocals were rough edged and melodic, the guitars were diamond hard and the bass was cranked up really high. As the riffs ran riot through a solid set, they were thankfully free of the really self-indulgent solos that so many third rate heavy metal bands build their acts round.

As with most heavy metal, the lyrical content wasn't exactly subversive or even poetic, but the sound and the atmosphere the band created was really meaty, beaty, big and boundy. Songs that stood out like a newlywed's trousers included Jump, Just a Gigolo and Yanky Rose. David Lee Roth, like Ossie Osbourne, is the acceptable face of heavy metal. Long may he reign.



BLONDIE LIVE (CIC Video)

A puerile and predictable jibe at Debbie Harry was that she was just a pretty face but, if all a girl needed to get ahead was a bottle of peroxide then the likes of 'no talent' Michaela Strachan would be topping the charts instead of languishing in looserville Wackerday with Timmy Mallett.

As well as having the ace female face of a generation, Debbie and her mainman, Chris Stein were truly talented pop writers. They added tunes, fun and a touch of class to the new wave explosion.

This video of their final performance only goes halfway towards documenting the band's masterly pop appeal but it would have made much more sense to bring out a live show from their 79/81 heydays rather than document the fag end of their career when the strain was evident and the muse was showing signs of having flown the coop.

But, with the cream of the pop crop here, numbers like the haunting Hanging on the Telephone and the beautiful Dreaming, still show the blonde bombshell's essential clout. Now, if they'd



just given us X Offender, In the Flesh, Little Girl Lies circa 79, I would have given it 10 out of 10. As it is, I'd give it 8 and I would still like to give her one.



MOVIE NEWS

Telly joker Jeremy Beadle is planning a raunchy movie version of his hit TV show 'Beadle's About'.

Jeremy, 42, reckons his fans would be game for a ruder laugh and he is negotiating with movie bosses to launch the saucy spinoff next year. He says, "It would be great to get away with more adult pranks".

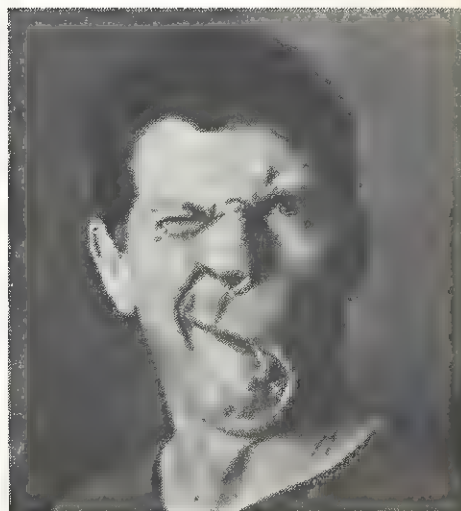
Planned stunts include: Nude shop assistants serving red faced customers, a husband coming home to find his wife in bed with his best pal, victims' faces have been printed on sex movie posters all over their home town.



TELEVISION

THE PHIL BOOK SHOW ITV

Once was enough, more than enough. Given the choice of watching the Phil Cool Show again or taking a weekend break in Albania, I would be on the telephone to Albanian Airways before you could say, "Who was that an impression of?". He's as funny as impotence on the wedding night.



RECORD REVIEWS

COMIC RELIEF THE STONK London Record Label

This review is dedicated to the big fat bastard I overheard in the Nag's Head today spewing out lines like, "I'd rather save a whale than an Ethiopian". Laugh, I almost punched him in the mouth.

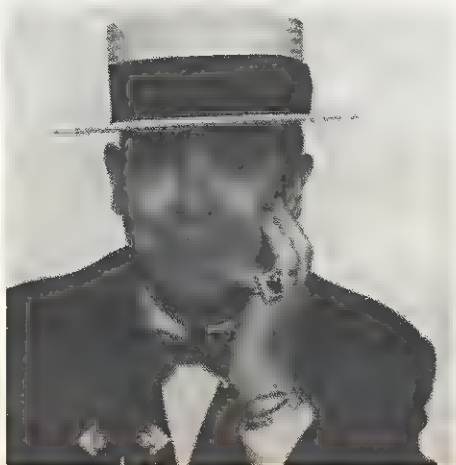
Whatever you may think of the artists' contributions to this record, the very fact that they have contributed makes them okay by me. The record itself is absolute crap but anyone with a streak of human decency should rush out and buy a copy. It makes a horrible noise, but it's a cheap ashtray.

A HA EARLY MORNING WEA Label

This leaves yours truly more frigid than Mavis Riley. It's moody, broody and completely throw away. More like an LP track than a single and more like a miss than a hit.

ELTON JOHN DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME Rocket Label

Time to reinforce the record deck cos the fat boy's back again. His irritating castrated vocals are backed once again by horrific loud rocking and rolling noise. It's sure fired manna from heaven for all American red necked boys but for young soul rebels like myself, it's a waste of time, waste of vinyl that's more dated than last year's diary.



BROOKSIDE Channel 4

Brookside is a scouse soap, fully of ugly whingeing whiners created by trendy lefty Phil Redman. Redman claims Brookside is Britain's most realistic soap. Oh yeah! What is the one subject everyone goes on about all the time - the Poll Tax. What is the one subject no Brookside character ever mentions? Answer, the Poll Tax. Odd isn't it.

BOYS FROM THE BUSH BBC

Why have they got that potato head Geordie Tim Healy playing a Londoner in this Aussie thriller without frills? He has the worst cockney accent since Dick Van Dyke and it pulls a badly written show even lower into the gutter.

The EROTIC Adventures of..

BONA

CREAM IN
MY MOUTH
0898 224 529
SHOOT ALL
OVER ME
0898 224 537

I LOVE THE TASTE!!
0898 224 536

LET ME GET OFF FOR YOU
0898 224 535
BIMBO'S BIG DELIGHT'S
0898 224 525

TAKEN OVER
MY DESK!!
0898 224 543

I CAN SWALLOW LOTS
0898 224 548
SEX MANIAC'S SPECIAL
0898 224 530

HEAR MY HUSBAND
GIVE IT TO ME HARD
0898 224 538
PROBING BETWEEN
MY LEGS

0898 224 541
SECRETARY'S
STOCKING TOPS
0898 224 544

JUICY LUCY & HANNA
0898 224 540
MY EXTRA LARGE
VIBRATOR
0898 224 547

I LIKE TO
EXPOSE MYSELF

0898 224 539

MY 1st NAUGHTY
PHOTO SESSION
0898 224 526
I'LL USE MY HAND
LISTEN....!
0898 224 542

PINK, POUTING PUSSY
0898 224 546
JOIN ME WHILE I DO IT
0898 224 528

EXPLICIT
EASTERN
EROTICA

0898 224 532

WET DREAMS
0898 224 527

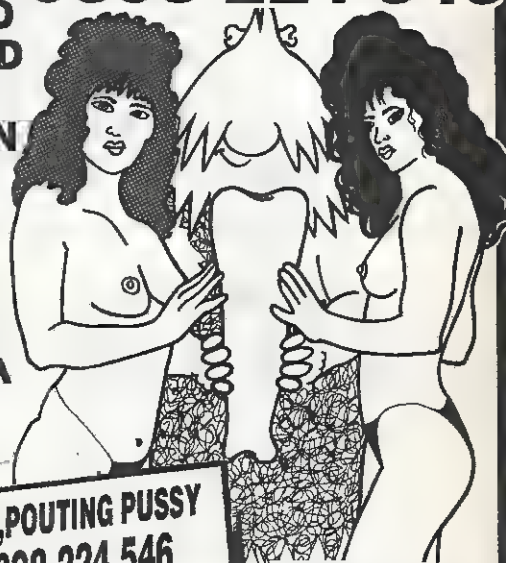
I'LL TALK DIRTY
TO YOU

0898 224 534

RANDY, FRUSTRATED
HOUSEWIVES
0898 224 549



KINKY
3 SOMES
0898 224 545



DIAL-A-STRIPTease
0898 224 533
WILD, WET & WAITING
0898 224 531



CELEBRITY ARMCHAIRS



COME ON LADS, SHOW US YOURS!

Are you sitting on a stunna? Reckon your very own armchair could give the brochure lovelles a run for their money?

Well don't keep it to yourself, give us all a gawp. Send us a photo of your own armchair or sofa and for every one we publish, there's a free pair of tickets for the fabulous armchair exhibition 'SIT 91' at the Islington Design Centre.

Send to: 'Readers Armchairs', 'ZIT', PO Box 859, Hove, East Sussex



THIS WEEK, TV AM's MIKE MORRIS

"In my job, a comfy chair is an absolute must - particularly when I'm asking our guests pertinent, and not to say searching personal questions."

"This is my all-time favourite - it's a Parker Knoll recliner. The Verona model, shown here, is a chair where you can sit comfortably, put your feet up and doze off. It's years ahead of its time. Rather like my moustache I suppose.

The traditional deep buttoned back, the sprung front edge and the gently contoured arms make it a definite winner in my book. Its versatility and charm give it a character and personality all of its own. In fact Ulrika, our Swedish weather girl, reckons it's got more personality than me. Well, I wouldn't go that far though I'll admit it did make a good job of standing in for me while I was away on holiday. Do you know, hardly any of our viewers noticed! Except of course for the ones who complained about the show being a bit more racey than usual.

Yes, when it comes to a deep cushion, sprung back and a crisp interviewing technique, the Parker Knoll Verona is definitely the tops!"

A ZIT

Cut Out and keep offer

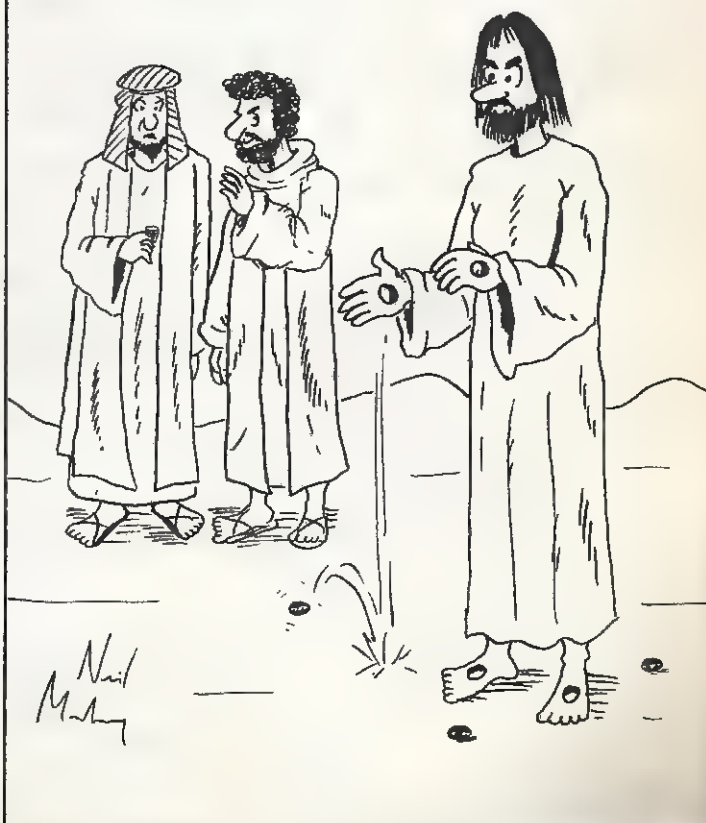
COMA CARD

In the event of bearer falling into a COMA, please play recordings by

NB please *don't* play recordings by Johnny Mathis, New Kids on the Block, Jive Bunny or The Pet Shop Boys.

Fill in the dotted lines as required. Cut around card-shaped bits, and stick to a bit of cardboard on either side and keep in wallet/handbag.

How do you eat yours?



HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO WORK MIRACLES AND COME BACK FROM THE DEAD, BUT HE CAN'T EAT CHOCOLATE CREAM EGGS!

AD MAD ADAM!

HE'S THE
LAD WHO'S GLAD
TO BE MAD ABOUT
ADS!!

IT'S BREAKFAST TIME IN ADAM'S HOUSE!!!
AH! ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER ADVERTISING ACCOUNT! I'LL BE BOUND!

SIT DOWN! SHUT UP! AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST, YOU VAGUOUS VOICE-OVER MERCHANT!

GRIPES! FRUIT AND FARTIES! MY FAVOURITE!

SNIFF! SNIFF!!
BUT WAIT?!

HEY!! GREAT SMELLING COFFEE, MUM! WHAT'S YOUR BRAND?!

BUT...

FRUIT & FARTIES

TUM TE TUM!

"OH WE ALL LIKE FRUIT AND FARTIES, DON'T WE, EH?!"

IT'S THE ONE..."

PUNCH!

JUST EAT THE BASTARDS! DON'T SELL 'EM!!

WHAM!

I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS SO MUCH IN IT!!

MORNING, FATHER! HUM! THAT'S A FINE IF FLUFFY CLOSE SHAVE! WHAT'S YOUR SECRET TO LOOKING SO GOOD OF A MORNING?!

FREE! TICKLE! TICKLE!!

AND...

SPLOSH!!

SHUT IT, SAATCHI! AND SAATCHI! OR I'LL CLOSE SHAVE YOU FROM HERE TO HERE WITH A PAIR OF RUSTY GARDEN SHEARS!

MY! BUT WE'RE SENSITIVE THIS MORNING!

HEADACHE PERHAPS?

TENSE NERVOUS...

WAK!

NOT ANYMORE!

MUM AND DAD AREN'T LIKE THE PARENTS YOU GET ON Telly! BETTER KEEP OUT OF HARM'S WAY!

LATER...

A TIEP AROUND THE SHOPS SHOULD DO IT!!

BUT... THANK CHRIST! I THINK HE'S MISSED ME!

CRKEY! IT'S HER FROM NEXT DOOR!

SLURP!!

SEXy BATHROOM FLASHBACK #1

SNORT!

SEXy BATHROOM FLASHBACK #2

PONG!

SCRATCH!

WOW!! GET THAT!!

THERE YOU ARE! MY BIG BOUNG BEAUTY!! I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU!!

AND...

OH FUCK!

FOR YOU, MY LITTLE WALKING LORVE REACTION!!

TICKLE!

NOW!! WHAT SAY WE PLAY COLONEL WOBBLY HIDES HIS HELMET?!

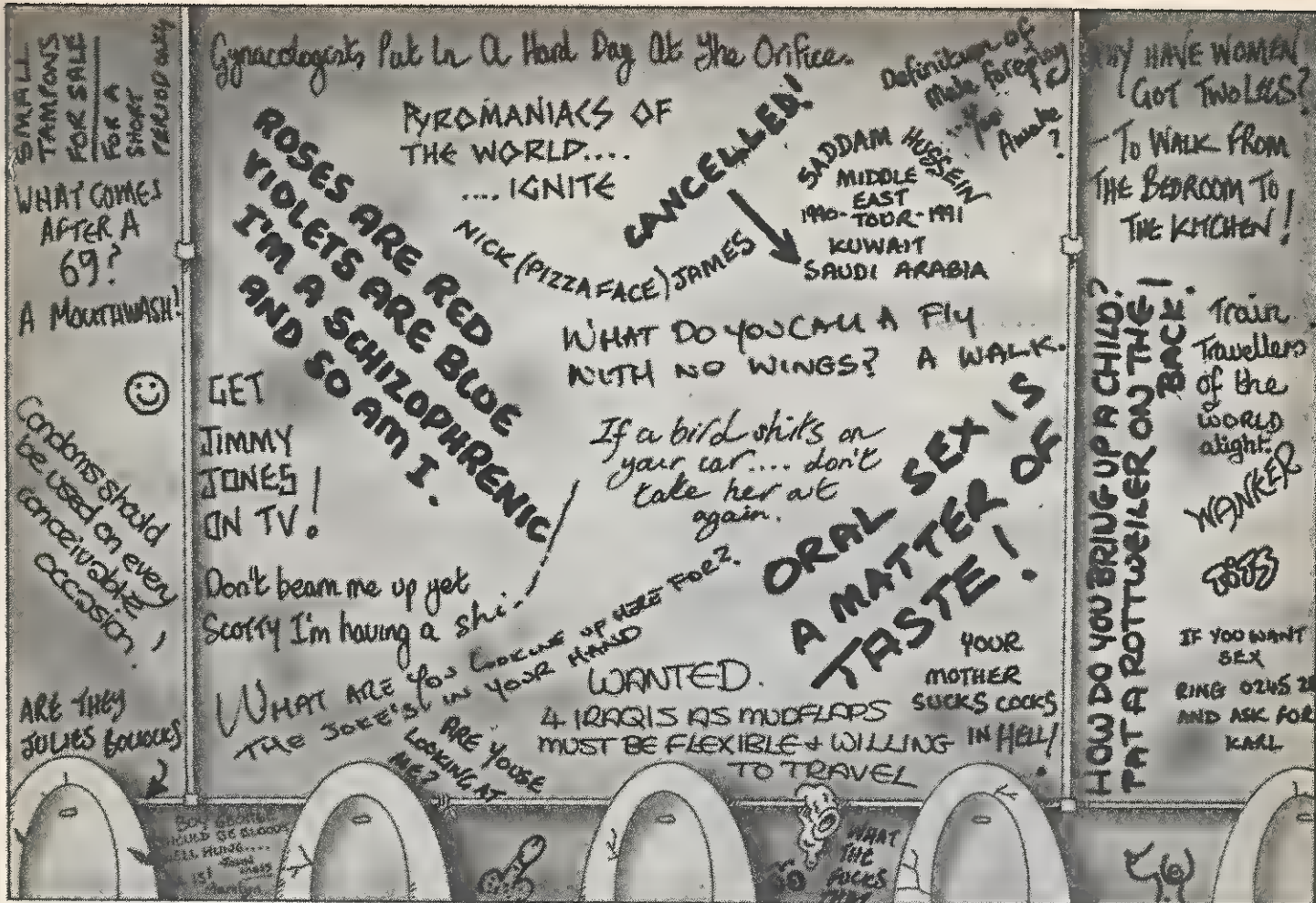
I JUST CAN'T HELP ACTING ON IRRULSE!!

HOWEVER...

AND I JUST CAN'T HELP PUNCHING OUT TOTAL NOBHEADS!!

SMIRK!

PUNCH!



THANKS FOR YOUR EFFORTS...KEEP THEM COMING. DON'T FORGET - FOR ANY IDEA USED A FREE T-SHIRT WILL BE SENT. DON'T FORGET TO STATE YOUR SIZE (M, L OR XL). JUST JOT DOWN YOUR IDEAS AND SEND IT TO ZIT, PO BOX 859, HOVE, EAST SUSSEX BN3 2BJ. THIS MONTH'S WARPED MINDED WINNERS ARE...

Karl Bottomley, Michele Smith, Kenny Moir, Jamie Mash, D. Wilbraham, Fred Carpenter, John Fisher, Wayne Sims and Belly Andrews.



5 STAR IN NO STAR ACCOMMODATION

Pop Group Squat in Pensioner's Kitchen



Pensioner Albert Walthew, 74, came home to an unexpected party when he opened his front door just over a week ago. Former pop stars Five Star had taken up residence in his kitchen.

SPROUTS

'I know I'm getting a bit forgetful in me old age' says Albert, 'But I was bloody sure they weren't there when I went out to get some sprouts'.

CABBAGE

Albert also found problems when he tried to put his sprouts away because his vegetable rack had been turned into a bedroom by Stedman Pearson. 'That was when I started getting mad', says Albert, 'The cheeky young bugger had his stereo beside the rack and he was sitting with his feet up on me red cabbage'.

CURLY KALE

In his own words Albert 'Lost me rag' and phoned the pest control people who removed the group with a fake contract for bait and a secure van which was disguised as a recording studio on the inside.

CURLY WATTS

A spokesman for the former chart toppers said, 'Career wise they're in transition. They've transited from being famous to being skint. I think the general mess in this pensioner's kitchen confused them because it resembled the slurry pit that they had been living it the week before'.

MR HOLDSWORTH

The group's manager appealed for a charity to be set up in the group's name that would allow them 'A little self respect and a bargain bucket from Kentucky Fried Chicken at the weekends'.

KEVIN WEBSTER

Readers who suspect that their home is infested with Five Star are advised that the group are not malicious unless provoked. On spotting one or more Pearson readers should ring the council and attempt to keep the situation calm by playing records that remind people of the mid 1980's. But on no account, never ever ever ever mention the name Eddie Murphy.

it's



What's the difference between a Scotsman and a canoe?

Sometimes a canoe tips!

There was this Irishman, he broke down on the motorway. He got out of the car and the door slammed shut. He said, "Kin hell, my bastard keys are in there, how the fuck am I going to get home now?". He's run down the road to a phone. "Hello, is that the HAY HAY (AA), I've had to run a poxy mile to get to this here phone. I got out of the car and the bastard door slammed shut on me and the keys are inside and I'm ever so worried cos the wife and kids are inside too".

Little Johnny was late home from school. His dad said, "Are you alright my son?". "Yes dad, we've been on an h'education visit to a farm and when I go to school tomorrow, I've got to write a h'essay on what I seed". Dad said, "What did you see then?". "Oh," says Johnny "I seed some chickens, they were walking about all over the'kin place and they laid their h'eggs in barns and barrows and they were called free range eggs cos they've not got any 'kin semolina in them".

Dad said, "Were there any other farm animals about?" "Oh yeah, we saw a field of fuckers". Dad said, "You saw what?". "A field of fuckers dad". "Are you sure?" said dad. "Oh yeah, 450 fuckers in a field, the bloke called them heifers but I knew what he meant".

NOTICE TO AIR EUROPE AIR HOSTESSES

Are you worried about
being made redundant?

Good!

Serves you fucking right for being such a
bunch of rude, sour-faced old biffa's.

JIMMIES KIN BIG UN



ANYWAY, THERE'S THIS YOUNG LASS, RIGHT, AN' SHE WAS RUSHED INTO HOSPITAL, RIGHT. SO IT'S FOR AN APPENDICITIS... ANYWAY-

SHE'S LYING THERE AND THE NURSE CAME DOWN WITH THE OLD RAZOR, SHAVING BRUSH AND CREAM...

I DON'T WANT ANY HAIRS TOUCHED ON MY FANNY! YOU'LL AVE TO WORK ROUND IT.



SO THE SISTER CAME DOWN AND THE GIRL TOLD 'ER-

LOOK! I DON'T WANT ANY HAIRS TOUCHED ON MY FANNY! I WANT 'EM LEFT AS THEY ARE! IF ANY HAIRS ARE TOUCHED - I'M SUING THIS HOSPITAL.



THEY TOLD THE DOCTOR, AND HE SAID- LOOK, WE DON'T WANT TO GET INTO AN ARGUMENT. JUST WAIT 'TIL SHE'S UNDER SEDATION AND WE'LL GIVE 'ER A QUICK MOHICAN.



SO THEY JUST TOOK 1/2 AWAY...



SEVEN DAYS LATER... THE STITCHES CAME OUT-

YOU BASTARDS! WHERE'S MY HAIR?! I'M GOING TO SUE YOU!!



SO SHE'S GONE TO SEE A SOLICITOR. HE SAID-

YOU CAN'T SUE 'EM! IT'S PART OF THE OPERATION!



I TOLD 'EM TO LEAVE THE HAIRS ON MY FANNY ALONE!

SO SHE GOES TO SEE A BARRISTER, AN' 'EE SAYS-

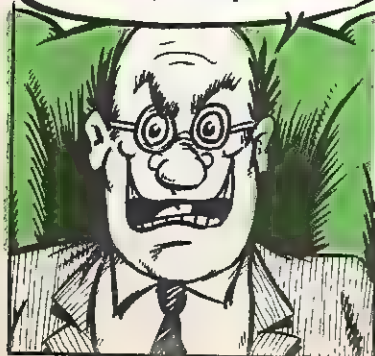
HMM. IT'S A TRICKY CASE. WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?



AND SHE SAYS- I'M A 'KIN PROSTITUTE.



OOOOH! 'KIN 'ELL, THAT'S ALRIGHT. WE'LL SUE 'EM AND 'KIN WIN!



WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO SUE 'EM WITH?



DAMAGING THE ROOF ON YER WORKSHOP!!

LIFE'S A
BALL!
WITH....

Julie's Bollocks

DO YOU KNOW, READERS?!
LIKE YOU, I'M EXTREMELY
PROUD TO HAVE SUCH LOVELY
TESTICLES! BUT THEY'RE
NOT ONLY A JOY TO LOOK
AT....



.... THEY'RE SO USEFUL AS WELL!
MY BACKACHE IS NO LONGER A
PROBLEM WITH THE FIRM BUT GENTLE
MASSAGING POWER OF MY BOUNCING
BOLLOCKS!



BETTER REST THEM A LITTLE WHILE!
AFTER ALL, THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN
A PAIR OF SWEATY TESTES!! TAKE IT FROM
A GIRL THAT KNOWS !!!



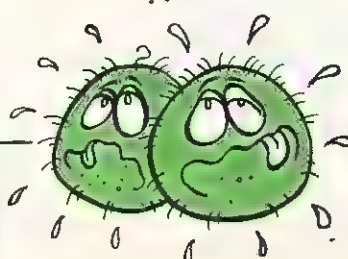
"BUT HONESTLY! WHETHER IT'S THOSE LITTLE ODD JOBS AROUND THE
HOUSE OR AS THE LATEST FASHION ACCESSORY - BOLLOCKS ARE
THE BUSINESS! AND, IF YOU'VE GOT 'EM! FLAUNT 'EM!"



WELL, MY BACK'S STILL HURTING!
HOW ABOUT IT, BOYS? A BIT MORE
BOUNCY - BOUNCY!?!

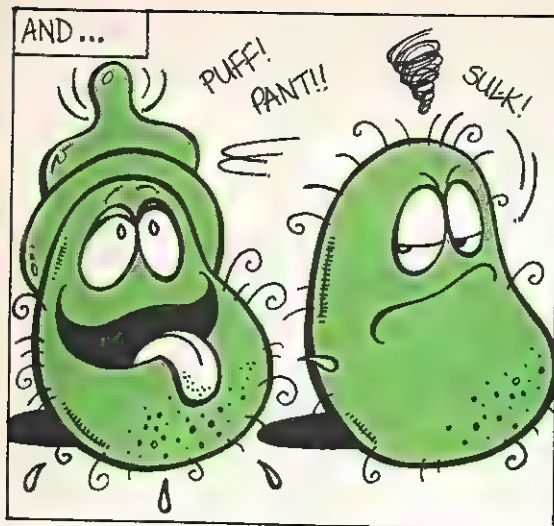


TIED AND
FORLORN
AND
PATHETIC
AND
KNACKERED!

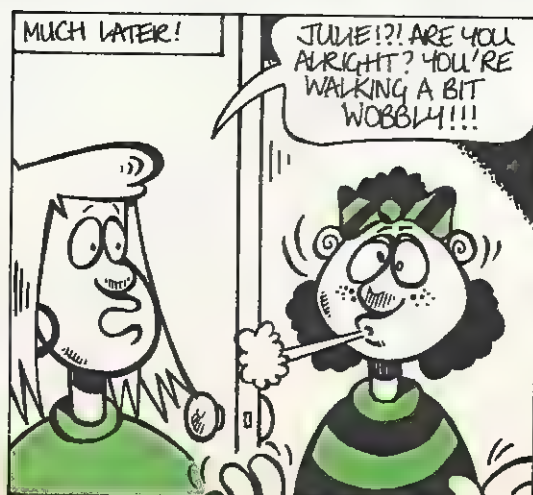
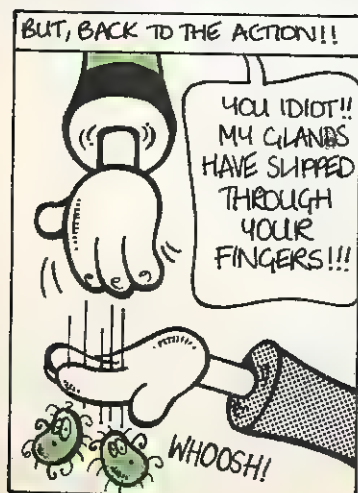


BLOW IT! I HATE IT WHEN I'VE
GOT A STIFFY AND MY BALLS
ARE ACHING!



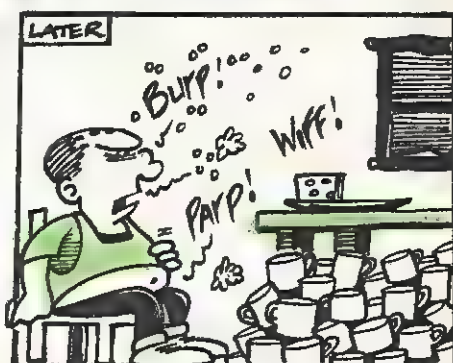
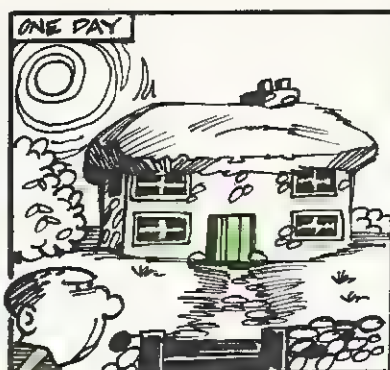


EDITOR'S NOTE - AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, NO DOUBLE MEANING WAS PERCEIVED NOR INTENDED AND WE APOLOGISE UNRESERVEDLY FOR ANY OFFENCE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE LAST PANEL!!!



At the popular request of the Holborn Hooligans Society and in particular Richie The Fish from the Isle of Dogs - Bernie is back!

BERNIE THE BASTARD BUILDER



CAPTAIN NEUTRON™

IN:
THE REVENGE OF THE
MUTANT!
PART II

HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, MUTANT MAN IS THREATENING TO THROW PATTI PATH TO HER DOOM...!

EEEEK!

AN OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY, MUTANT MAN SEEKS REVENGE UPON THE HUMANITY THAT CREATED HIM...

... AND UPON ONE MAN IN PARTICULAR...

CAPTAIN NEUTRON! A BEING OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; THE EMBODIMENT OF THE MUTANT'S HATRED...

HERE I AM MUTANT MAN! YOU SLIMEY EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING!

PUT THE GIRL DOWN OR I'LL SPREAD THAT FAT NOSE EVEN FURTHER ACROSS YOUR FACE!

CATCH HER THEN MR PERFECT!
HA! HA!

EEEEK!

EEEEK!!

FEAR NOT LADY! I'LL NOT LET YOU PERISH AT THE HANDS OF ONE SO PUTRID!

ONLY GOT 2.4 SECONDS

MADE IT!

THWUMP!!

FORGIVE ME MADAM... I DID NOT MEAN TO GRASP YOUR BREAST...

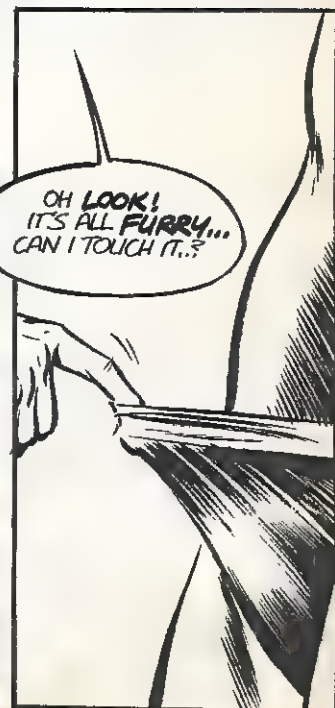
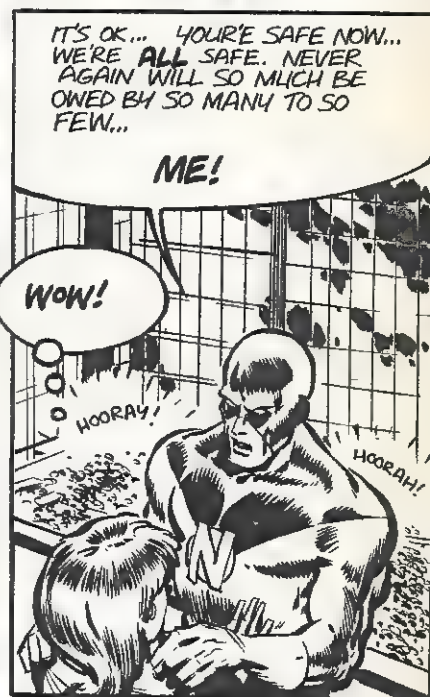
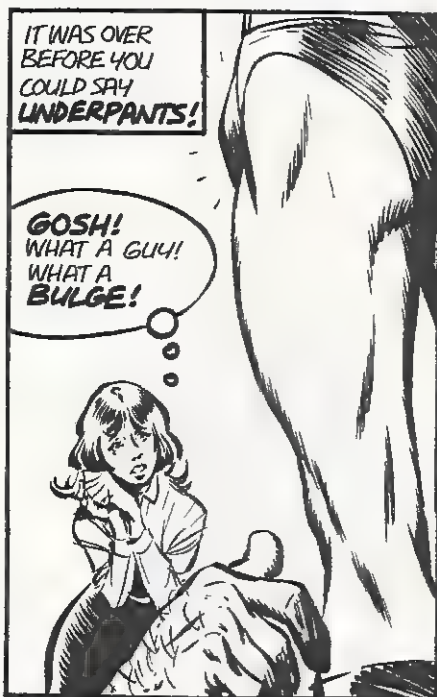
OH MR NEUTRON! SO CHIVALROUS! DO NOT APOLOGISE, MY TIT IS YOURS...

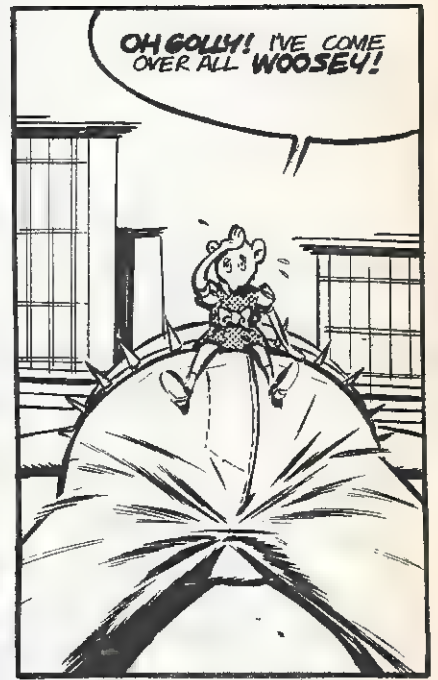
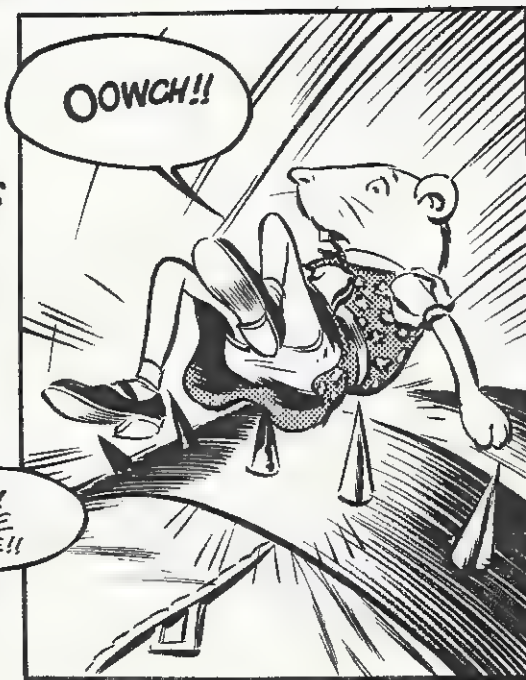
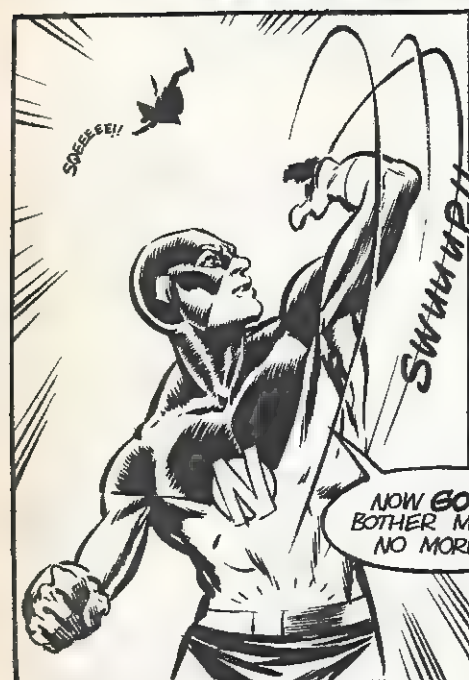
NOW TO DEAL WITH THAT VILE HUMAN MISTAKE!

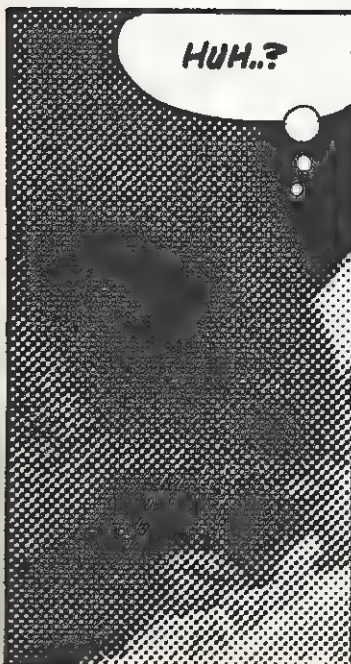
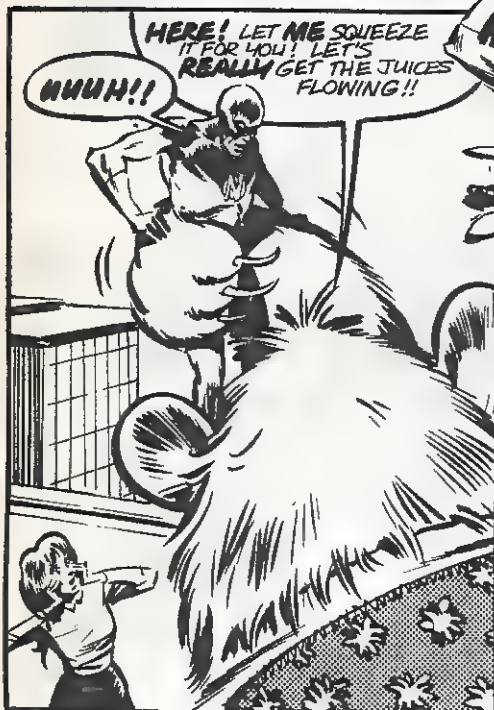
SUCH STRONG HANDS... SO COMMANDING... MY KIND OF GUY!

WATCH ME TURN HIM INTO DOG-FOOD!

POP!







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TRUTHFUL DEPT.

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G I	GAVIN ST. JAMES				£7	
A I	ANGUS McBASTARD				£7	
M I	MADASS HUSSEIN				£7	
A I	ACID HEAD ARNIE				£7	
G2	DOCKLANDS CLUB				£7	
Z I	ZIT LOGO				£7	
D I	DOG				£7	
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NAME

ADDRESS

POST CODE

'The Temptation of Christ' MATTHEW Chapter 4, Versus 1-11

Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit to the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. And he fasted forty days and forty nights, and afterwards he was hungry. And the devil came to him and said, "Will you take my bread?" And Jesus said, "No".

And the devil offered him water and said, "Will you take my water and quench your thirst?". And Jesus said, "No! Begone!"

And the devil took him and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and he said to him, "All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me." Then Jesus said, "Begone Satan!"

But the devil did not leave him but said unto him, "Will you take this Nifcam Digital Stereo VCR and 26" FST television with Teletext?"

And Jesus looked at him and said, "Maybe...". And the devil said, "OK, I'll bring in seven 'Climax Blue Teenage Erotica?'". And Jesus thought and said unto him,

.... "Oh er alright then".



REMEMBER IT WELL, IT WAS...

MY FAVOURITE ZIT!

THE EASTER FANCY DRESS PARTY, AND PHILIPPA GILBERT (THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS) HAD AGREED TO MEET ME THERE....

COME THE DAWN AND TO MY HORROR SOMETHING THE SIZE AND COLOUR OF A CHERRY HAD SPROUTED ON THE END OF MY NOSE!

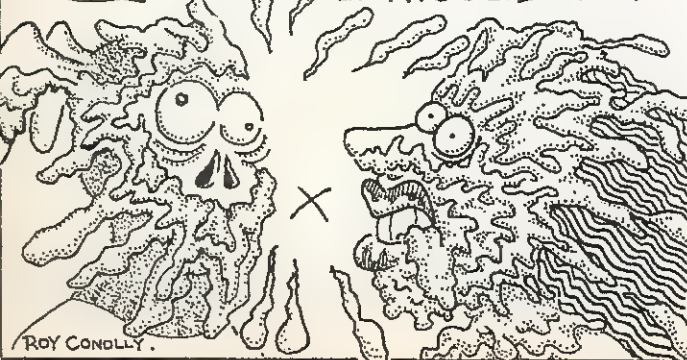
• ALL MY EFFORTS TO DISLodge THE BRUTE CAME TO NAUGHT...



BY 7 P.M IT WAS **HUGE** I COULDN'T POSSIBLY GO TO THE PARTY UNLESS..

BY SEWING A PAIR OF STIFF SOCKS ON MY BALACLAVA AND PAINTING MY PUSTULE I BECAME... THE EASTER BUNNY (COMPLETE WITH EGG)

PIP AND I DANCED THE NIGHT AWAY... RAPTUREOUSLY HAPPY I FORGOT MY SPOT. AND THEN I KISSED HER..



WE SUBSCRIBE TO ZIT...



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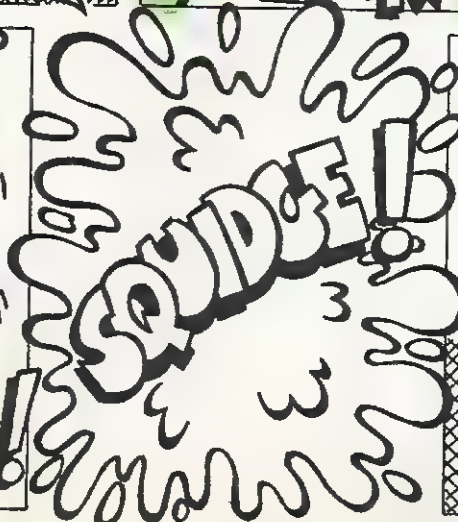
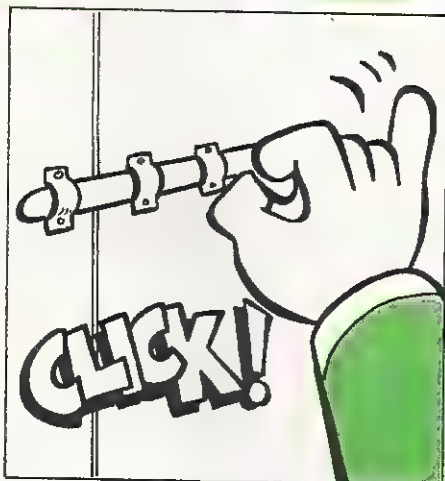
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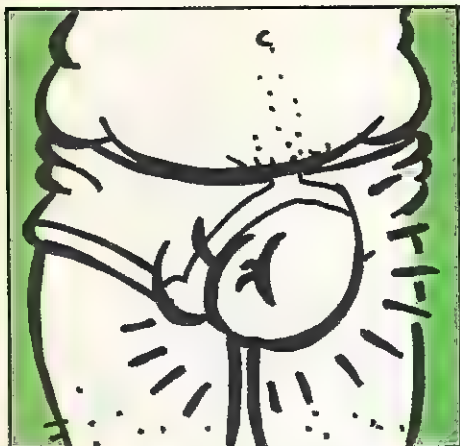
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YES! PLEASE SEND A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ZIT DOUBLE GLAZING COMPANY ROUND MY HOUSE DOUBLE QUICK!



horrorscopes

BY FRANKIE FLAME



ARIES MARCH 21st TO APRIL 20th

As ancient as the hills and as relevant to you as tomorrow's headlines, Astrology can be fun for everyone. Forget about Russell 'Slimline Tonic' Grant or Justin 'Frightwig' Toper, we give it to you straight, the lowdown on the *REAL* you. Each month our wild eyed stargazer writes an indepth Zodiac character portrait, plus predictions for the twelve signs.



CHARACTER PORTRAIT FOR ARIES—THE RAM

Your ruling planet is Mars and traditionally you are the first sign of the zodiac. Well Aries, you are pioneers, and your bravery and disregard for danger is legendary. Adolf Hitler wanted a whole race of people like you to conquer the world for him. Most of your acquaintances think that you are a selfish, obnoxious, spoilt bastard. You have a streak of terrible cruelty just for good measure... Aries is the child that never grows up, screaming 'Me First!!!!' right through life; these people throw terrible tantrums. They also throw nasty things at people they don't like, and kick and beat them shitless just for fun. Runny-nosed and stupid, Arians are snobs with enormous gobs.

They think that William Shakespeare plays for Manchester United and that a talentless mouthy slob like Ruby Wax is hysterically funny.

Wizard wheezes and jokey japes are a feature of this infantile zodiac sign; we are talking salt in the sugar bowl, sticking pins in condoms, and flicking snot at old ladies. The ultimate intellectual challenge for Aries is how to avoid buying their round, or perhaps watching 'Blue Peter'. People born in Aries often talk ga-ga and suck lollipops; they are prone to sudden death whilst in a frothy bonking frenzy. Good riddance to 'em; irritating shits.

PREDICTION FOR THE MONTH FOR ARIES

Too much sex is bad for the eyes, and you are definitely cross-eyed by the start of April... Finances are dodgy, but resist the urge to take a shotgun to your bank manager. Watch out for accidents in the home; don't stick your fingers in the food blender or casserole the dog by mistake. Try to be nice. Say 'Hello' instead of 'Piss Off!'.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE OTHER SIGNS

TAURUS Apr 21-May 21 THE BULL



Pressure of work could make you snort with rage, but by 3rd of April you have more get up and go and should be glowing in bullish hormones. I've heard of fertile, but this is ridiculous! Watch out for jealous people - tricky stuff.

GEMINI May 22-June 21 THE TWINS



Try to think long term, be constructive. Also, don't dip your wick unwisely - many choices present themselves now, and you don't know whether to bonk, drink plonk, or do the Honky-tonk. Fists fly on April 4th. Smack!

CANCER June 22-July 22 THE CRAB



Focus on career now, a surge of energy will help you. Others will faint with surprise as you actually have a conversation that isn't boring. Financial gains likely, but you could get nicked, you crook. It's a fair cop.

LEO July 23-Aug 23 THE LION



Travel and career featured now; also you seize opportunities. Trouble is, she whacks you hard with her handbag! Romance at work? Probably. Hide the fact you're a bighead. If partners are tricky, roar at 'em, you wild thing.

VIRGO Aug 24-Sept 23 THE VIRGIN



Business opportunities indicated; also you yearn for foreign parts. Oooh you are awful. You might possibly be driven berserk sorting out financial affairs, and frighten friends by muttering dark threats. Just watch it.

LIBRA Sept 24-Oct 23 THE SCALES



Ah, decisions, decisions. Make up your mind now about something important, like admitting you've got crabs for instance. Ambitious moves likely, with increased energy on 3rd April. Kiss the boss's arse; smile as he farts.

SCORPIO Oct 24-Nov 22 THE SCORPION



Creative energy flows now... but disruption looms. Someone could perhaps attack you with a baseball bat, steal your wallet, or piss in your beer. Also, take care when travelling, you're not Nigel Mansell. Whizz!

SAGITTARIUS Nov 23-Dec 21 THE ARCHER



Gambling in any form well dodgy now... joint finances take a lot of energy, you end up with the screaming 'abdabs, and maybe black eyes and missing teeth too. After this hard work and charm pay the dentist's bill. Grin and bare it!

CAPRICORN Dec 22-Jan 20 THE GOAT



Partners and friends unco-operative, try to actually communicate with them instead of just grunting, and try something brave and radical, like buying a round of drinks. Work gradually becomes more pleasant... Phew...

AQUARIUS Jan 21-Feb 19 THE WATER CARRIER



Family affairs in focus. Release tension by recreation; abseiling, mountaineering, wall of death motorcycling or Russian Roulette. If you live through it, you'll have a good month... if you don't, tough shit pal.

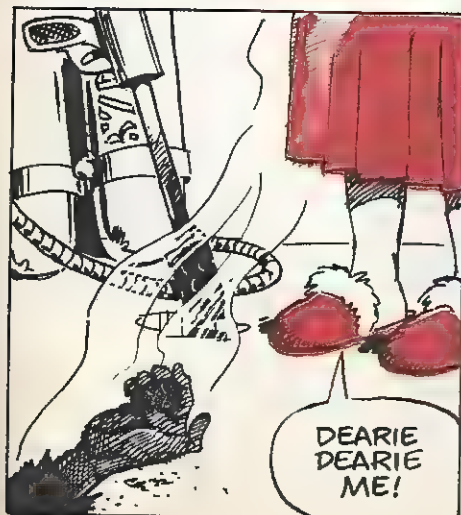
PISCES Feb 20-Mar 20 THE FISH

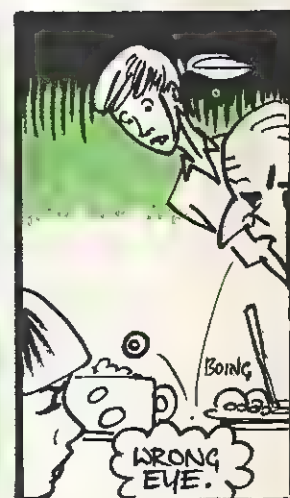
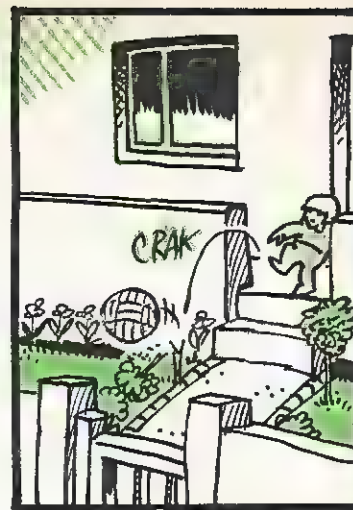
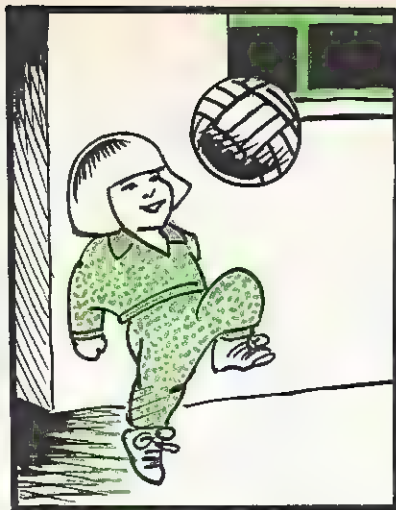
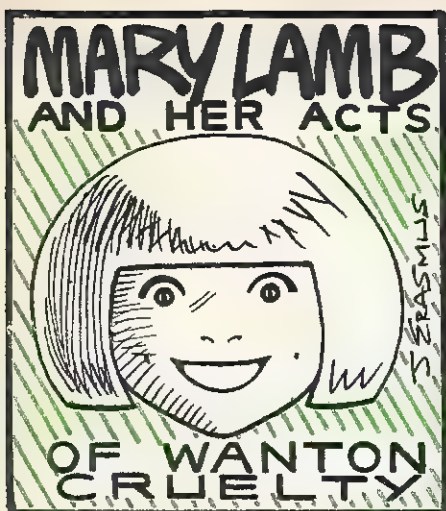


On the 30th March you are at ease, but money and wicked willy start to burn a hole in your pocket. Don't be caught with your pants down romantically or financially! You will be gripped by an insane urge to dance naked in the rain. Utterly cosmic.

NEXT MONTH
★ **TAURUS** ★

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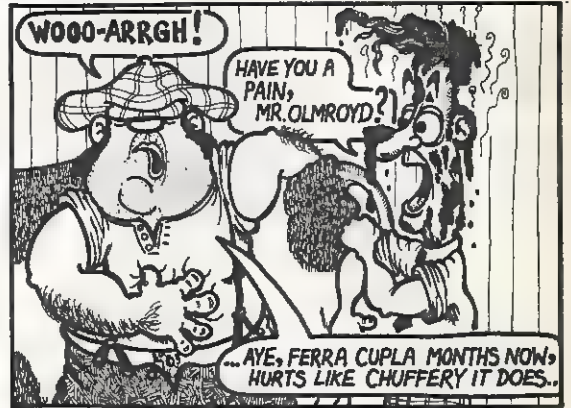
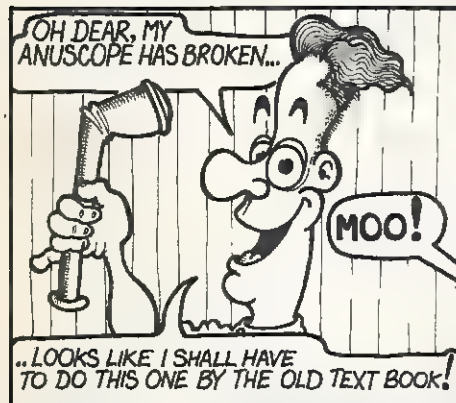
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PLUS HER INTO THE MATHS

<p>L BRIS ON THE PISS</p> <p>BEER SESSION '91</p>	<p>R THE ANSWER IS</p> <p>FUCTIFINO</p> <p>NOW WHAT'S THE QUESTION</p>	<p>E THE ANSWER IS</p> <p>MURF OVERS</p> <p>CLUB</p> <p>NO MURF TOO TOUGH</p>	<p>F I've Kicked The Habit...</p> <p>I'm Down To One Spliff A Day!</p>	<p>D Don't ye think ye spoilin' that bleedin' Dog Doris</p>			
<p>N INSTANT ARSOLE</p> <p>JUST ADD ALCOHOL</p>	<p>Q MEMBER OF THE...</p> <p>BEER MONSTERS</p> <p>CLUB!</p>	<p>P IF I TOLD YA THAT I LOVED YA, WOULD YA...</p> <p>SUCK MY PLUMS</p>	<p>P THE BOYZE BROTHERS</p> <p>MARTINI RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE</p>	<p>O OLD ORIENTAL SAYING</p> <p>50 FUKK YUUR BELT!</p>	<p>I ALWAYS HANGING ROUND YOUR ARSE AND FUKK SHIT!!</p>		
<p>S FUC EWE</p>	<p>GIV US A BEER</p> <p>YA BASTARD! Z</p>	<p>I'M ON A</p> <p>H PUSSY HUNT</p>	<p>TOP QUALITY SHIRTS WITH MULTI COLOUR PRINTS</p> <table border="1"> <tr> <td data-bbox="831 1859 982 2222"> <p>T-SHIRTS</p> <p>10 till 5pm MON-FRI</p> <p>£6.50 INC. P&P M-L-XL</p> </td> <td data-bbox="982 1859 1285 2222"> <p>HOTLINE</p> <p>061-335 0090</p> </td> <td data-bbox="1285 1859 1469 2222"> <p>HOTLINE ORDERS</p> <p>7 DAY DELIVERY</p> </td> </tr> </table> <p>TO ORDER SEND CHEQUES/P.O.'s WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & LIST OF YOUR REQUIREMENTS TO:- NEWLINE PRODUCTS DEPT.Z. 30 MELBOURNE ST. STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE SK15 2JJ. SUPERFAST DELIVERY (7 DAYS) SEND P.O.'s SEND S.A.E. FOR CATALOGUE SERIOUS TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME</p>		<p>T-SHIRTS</p> <p>10 till 5pm MON-FRI</p> <p>£6.50 INC. P&P M-L-XL</p>	<p>HOTLINE</p> <p>061-335 0090</p>	<p>HOTLINE ORDERS</p> <p>7 DAY DELIVERY</p>
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Timothy Christopher

COUNTRY VET

PISSPOOR By Pierced Organ

STEVE WRIGHT LANDS FRANKENSTEIN ROLE

Radio 1 Disc Jockey, Steve Wright, is going to look even more horrific soon. The zany joker has landed the starring role in a *Frankenstein* movie. Steve, 35, will pay a high price to make the movie *Frankenstein Baby* which starts filming in America early next year. He's got to shave off his beloved moustache.

A friend of the DJ's says, "Steve has been



Steve Wright with moustache.

after a movie role for years, he will hate shaving off his moustache but it's a sacrifice he'll have to



Steve Wright without.

make".

Steve, who's had the moustache since birth was unavailable for comment last night.

THORNY PROBLEM FOR ROSES STAR



Stone Roses star Ian Brown admits that being a star has gone to his head.

He says "I'm so used to staying in luxury hotels and getting waited on hand and foot that I get carried away when I return to

my tiny flat in Manchester. I find it hard to adjust and immediately pick up the phone to demand room service. It takes quite a while to realise there's nobody listening."

BARSTARDADDER

Leftie comic Ben Elton has outraged BBC bosses with plans for a new *Blackadder* series based on a bastard son of the Queen.

TV insiders yesterday revealed that Beeb chiefs are "seriously concerned" about the bad taste plot which would star Rowan Atkinson as the 'Royal Bastard'. Ben, scrapped plans to call next years series *Bat Adder* based on Batman in favour of the new storyline.

A spokesman for Elton said "Ben would be the first to admit he



doesn't like royalty, but he doesn't think this is particularly over the top." A Buck House insider said "Who's Ben Elton".

FERGIE UP FOR GRABS



Outrageous funny girl Jennifer Saunders has come up with a rich fund raising idea for Red Nose Day. Jennifer, star of TV's controversial comedy French & Saunders, wants members of the Royal family to be sold off for a charity appeal this month. she says, "People could win them for a day and have them standing on show in their home. I would not want the Queen, she's so boring. I'd like to have Fergie so I could stand her in the corner and throw food at her".

MADONNA WANTS PIERS MORGAN



Madonna wants Sun pop writer Piers Morgan to write the lyrics for her next album. The sexy superstar whose Hollywood home is a shrine to Piers with pictures and life size statues in every room says, "Piers is a hunky, funky, spunky guy. His Bizarre column is a work of art. If he agrees to work with

me, it will be a dream come true".

Piers, who has a female following of millions and who's worshipped as a sex god in parts of Africa where his Bizarre column is essential reading along with the Bible says, "If Madonna makes me an offer I can't refuse, I will consider it. It will be a great honour for her to work with me".



FAG HAG

Neighbours star Stefan Dennis has quit smoking, and now eats cigarettes instead. Stefan, who plays baddie Paul Robinson, says his habit started when he tried to cut out puffing fags.

JAGGER TO LOOK AFTER NEIGHBOURS

Former wild man of rock Mick Jagger is a model citizen these days. He's taken up the fight against crime by joining the neighbourhood watch scheme in trendy Chelsea where he lives when in London.

PISTOL TO JOIN SINATRA

Former Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten has been asked to play Frank Sinatra in a movie version of Ol' Blue Eyes' sensational life story.

Rotten says "I'm very tempted by the roll. I've always

admired Sinatra's style longevity and panache.

Not a lot of people know this but I wanted Frank to join The Pistols when Glen Matlock left, it was more of a punk then Sid Vicious ever was."



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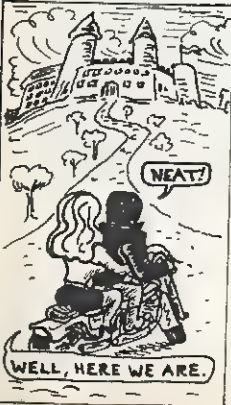
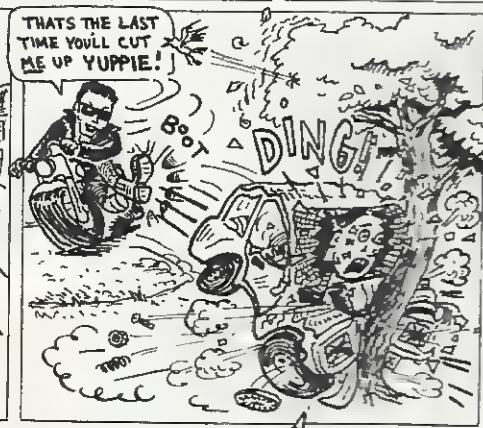
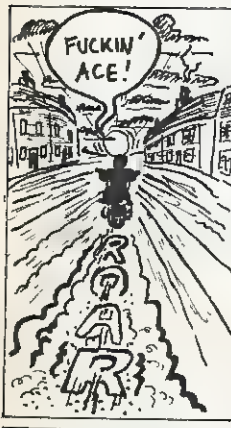
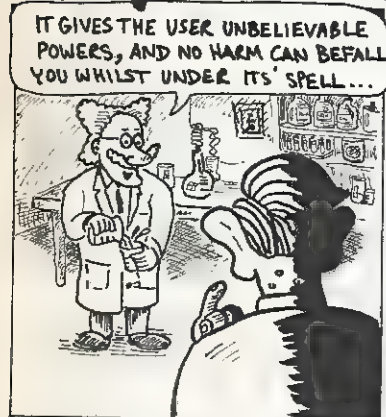
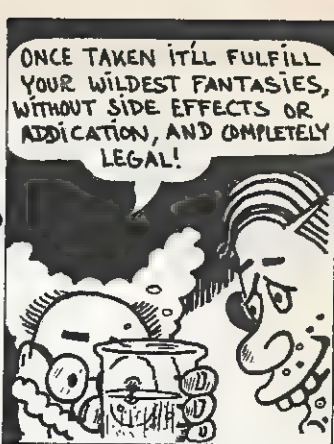
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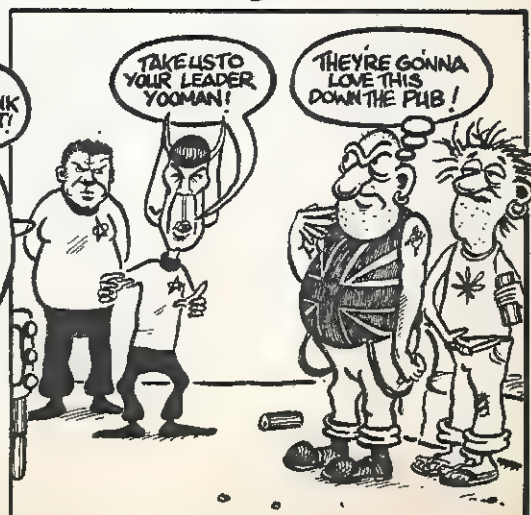
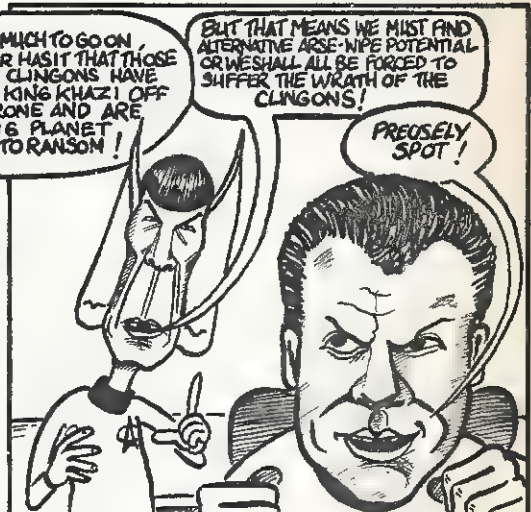
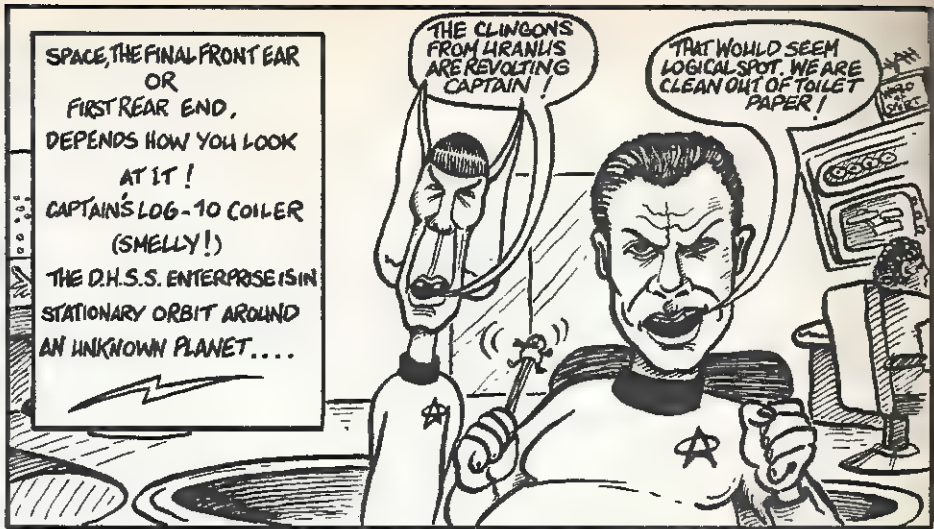
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AH! MRS. FUTTBUTTOCK, UNT HOW ARE VE, TODAY?

OH DOCTOR, I'M STILL FEELING DEPRESSED.

MEIN GOTT! TITS LIKE THAT, UNT SHE'S DEPRESSED?

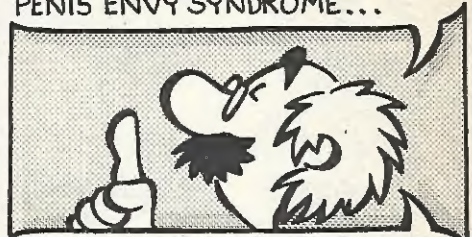


HMM...YOUR HEARTBEAT FEELS NICE...ER...REGULAR! I ZINK A LIDDLE ASSOCIATION THERAPY IST CALLED FOR!

NOW, VOT DOES ZIS REMIND YOU OF?

UNT, VOT DOES ZIS REMIND YOU OF?

A-HA! YOUR PROBLEM IS A DEEP ROOTED PSYCHO-SEMAC VIOLOITILE QUASO-MANIC INFERIORITY LOW COMPLEX INDUCED BY A HYPER PENIS ENVY SYNDROME...

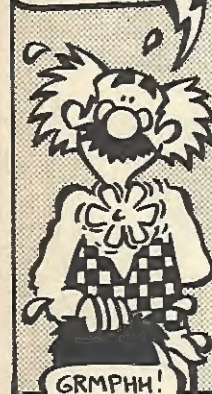


IN SHORT, MRS. FUTTBUTTOCK, YOU ARE POND LIFE! HOWEVER, NEVER FEAR, MODERN PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT VILL BE APPLIED TO CURE YOUR LIDDLE PROBLEM....

ZO!..GET YOUR GUMS ROUND DER PLUMS!

3 SECONDS LATER...

SAME TIME NEXT WEEK MRS. FUTTBUTTOCK... NEXT!



MRS. MOLLUSC, DOCTOR

VOT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MEIN LIDDLE CUTIE WEINERSCHNITZEL?



WELL, DOCTOR, HUBBIE'S LEFT ME, MY MUM'S JUST DIED, MY DAUGHTER'S IN THE CLUB AND MY SON'S INTO MAX BYGRAVES! I JUST DON'T THINK I CAN HANDLE LIVING ANYMORE...I'M A TOTAL WRECK!...SOB!



MEIN DIAGNOSIS SHOWS YOU ARE SUFFERING A REGRESSIVE TRANSITION INTO A SEMI-ETHERAL STATE OF SUB-CONCIOUS CONFLICTS UNT DOUBTS WHICH CAN BE RECTIFIED IN ONLY VUN VAY....

..DER DAMN GOOT BONKING!

4 SECONDS LATER...

WHO'S NEXT, MISS HONEYBUM?

ALL CLEAR FOR TEN MINUTES, DOC!

BRACE YOURSELF FOR DER BEST FIVE SECONDS OF YOUR LIFE, MEIN LIDDLE SAUERKRAUT!



OOH! THANK YOU DOCTOR!

I'M FEELINK TENSE...COME IN UNT SHOW ME YOUR WOBBLY BITS!

GOSH! I DIDN'T REALISE JUST HOW MUCH FUN PSYCHIATRY CAN BE!

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